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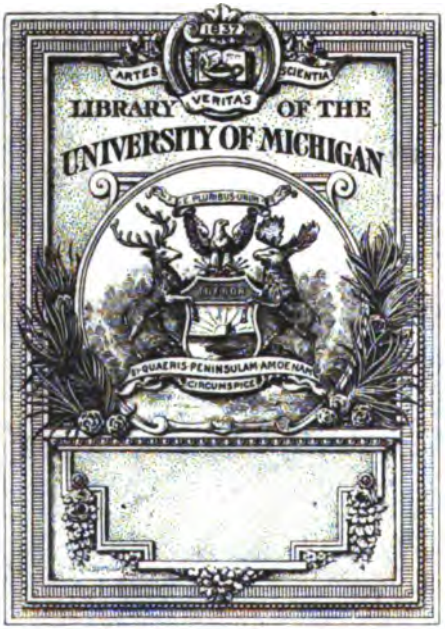
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Henry VIII
Macbeth

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THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Coriolanus* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1-30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Date of Composition. There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus*;* general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests† point to 1608-1610 as the most probable years, and justify us in

* The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (III. ii. 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the King made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

† The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in Macbeth), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*; 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline*; 42 and 25 in *The Tempest*; 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale*. All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

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placing it next to *Antony and Cleopatra,* closely connected with it by consideration of subject and source.

The Source of the Plot. *Coriolanus* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,*" the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra,* and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens,* and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; *e.g.* in Act II. Sc. iii. ll. 251-253 the folio reads:—

> "And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
> Was his great Ancestor;"

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

> "[And *Censorinus that was so surnamed,*]
> And nobly named so, *twice being Censor;*"

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

> "Should we be silent *and not speak, our raiment*
> *And state of bodies would bewray what life*
> *We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself*
> *How more unfortunte than all living women*
> *Are we come hither;*"

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace (my son) and determined *not* to *speak* the *state of* our poor *bodies,* and present sight of *our raiment would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself, how* much *more unfortunately* than all the women living we are come hither.*" The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarised on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer,* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

* "*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place, it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's "*Shakespeare's Plutarch,*" Introduction.

A worthy tribute to North's memory is the noble edition of his work, now in course of publication, in the "Tudor Translation Series," issued by Mr. Nutt, with an introductory study of rare excellence by Mr. Wyndham; his dedicatory words should be remembered:—"THIS TRANSFIGURATION IN UNFADING ENGLISH OF AN IMMORTAL BOOK."

Duration of Action. The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iii. to x. *Interval. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii. to Act IV. Sc. ii. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval. Day* 8, Act IV. Sc. vi. *Interval. Day* 9, Act IV. Sc. vii. *Interval. Day* 10, Act V. Sc. i.-v. *Interval. Day* 11, Act V. Sc. vi.

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Transactions,* 1877).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome ensues a famine, which is relieved by a free distribution of corn. This allowance encourages the plebeians to make further demands upon the patricians, from whom they ask corn henceforth at their own price. As a concession, five tribunes elected by themselves are allowed to represent them—two of whom, Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, are demagogues, and, therefore, opposed to Caius Marcius, a high-minded nobleman, who will not curry favour with the populace. Naturally Marcius is unpopular, in spite of a splendid military record; but war breaking out at this time with the Volscians, he is enabled to regain popular favour and win fresh glory. He does such heroic deeds at Corioli that the two other generals and all the army enthusiastically greet him with the title of Coriolanus.

II. A triumph is accorded Coriolanus on his return to Rome; and the senate elects him consul. It is necessary, however, that he should also have the "voice of the people" through open solicitation. To the proud, reserved man the task is a hard one, and his overtures to the citizens are made so awkwardly, that although he is privately given their voice, they are discontented, and it needs only the influence of Sicinius and Brutus to cause them to repent their decision.

III. When it comes to the open choice of Coriolanus for consul the fickle people disavow him. His ire is

aroused, causing him to make vehement statements against the popular rights. The utterances are gladly seized upon and made use of by the two tribunes, who condemn him to exile, by decree of the people.

IV. Deeply wounded at the ingratitude, and thirsting for revenge, Coriolanus goes to Antium where his Volscian foe, Tullus Aufidius, dwells. He makes peace with that general, who is delighted to acquire the aid of the stoutest arm in Italy just at a time when a new campaign against the Romans is being planned, though he soon after begins to dread Coriolanus's power. The expedition proceeds against Rome, to the utter dismay of the tribunes and their adherents.

V. The Roman forces being powerless to cope with the invasion, send peaceful embassies to Coriolanus, now encamped with Aufidius near the capital city. Though Coriolanus's stanchest friends are sent to him, he remains obdurate until his well-beloved mother and his wife come to make powerful entreaty. He cannot withstand their prayers, and raises the siege without striking a blow. The Volscian army returns to Antium. Coriolanus attempts to justify his conduct to the lords of the city, and doubtless would have succeeded on account of his numerous conquests, had not Aufidius used his final action before Rome for a text to charge him with treachery. In the ensuing dispute some conspirators hired by Aufidius assassinate Coriolanus.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Coriolanus—His Strength and His Weakness.

A haughty and passionate feeling, a superb egotism, are with Coriolanus the sources of weakness and of strength. The tragic study of the play is not that of patricians with plebeians but of Coriolanus with his own

self. It is not the Roman people who bring about his destruction; it is the patrician haughtiness and passionate self-will of Coriolanus himself. Were the contest of political parties the chief interest of Shakspere's drama, the figures of the tribunes must have been drawn upon a larger scale. They would have been endowed with something more than "foxship." As representatives of a great principle, or of a power constantly tending in one direction, they might have appeared worthy rivals of the leaders of the patrician party; and the fall of Coriolanus would be signalized by some conquest and advance of the tide of popular power. Shakspere's drama is the drama of individuality, including under this name all those bonds of duty and of affection which attach man to his fellow man, but not impersonal principles and ideas. The passion of patriotism, high-toned and enthusiastic, stands with Shakspere instead of general political principles and ideas; and the life of the individual is widened and elevated by the national life, to which the individual surrenders himself with gladness and with pride.

The pride of Coriolanus is, however, not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power or person or principle higher than one's self. It is twofold—a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egoistic, and, secondly, a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold and selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm, and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the tribunes, he can accept, well pleased, a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has effected

more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness and constant freshness of adhesion:—

> "O, a kiss
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since!"

. . . The weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party, and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces; but to obtain the consulship he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgement and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense." Now, such passion as this Shakspere knew to be weakness, and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome and his subsequent fate.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Coriolanus himself stands out, in Shakespeare, yet more than in Plutarch, as a giant among pigmies. He has the surpassing excellences of the true aristocrat, and seems to embody at once the aristocratic ideals of heroic Greece and of feudal chivalry He scorns money and pain; he has a natural eloquence always at command, and everything he says is impressed with an indefinable greatness. Less "churlish and solitary" than in Plutarch, for Shakespeare gives him the adoring friendship of Menenius and Cominius, he is at bottom more "uncivil," less fit for citizenship, more impracticable in his passionate self-will. This aspect of his character Shakespeare has emphasised with a series of admirably imagined strokes. It is only in the drama that Coriolanus revolts against the traditional ceremony of displaying his wounds, and declaims, with the naïve unreason of a headstrong nature, against the authority of "custom," on which his own patrician privilege ultimately rested. His vengeance is far more sweeping and uncompromising. He comes to burn Rome, not to get reasonable concessions for his allies; far from "keeping the Noble men's lands and goods safe from harm and burning," he sternly dismisses the appeal of his noble friends for discrimination; he cannot stay to pick the few grains of wheat in a pile

Of noisome musty chaff.

Political partisanship is effaced in the fury of personal vengeance. Here and there the egoism of the aristocratic temper triumphs in a trait of sarcastic humour, as in the case of the poor man in Corioli who had befriended him, and whose life he wished to save, but whose name was "By Jupiter! forgot."

Coriolanus, says Mr. Barrett Wendell, owes his fate to "a passionate excess of inherently noble traits, whose very nobility unfits them for survival in the ignoble world about them." He represents "aristocracy as nobly worthy of dominance as in Henry V., and yet as inexorably doomed as in Antony." But the man who pic-

tured Henry before Agincourt among the common soldiers hardly thought that the insolent hauteur of Coriolanus was sufficiently explained and excused by his having to lead a "musty superfluity" of "dissentious rogues." The tribunes themselves are permitted to utter a palpable home-truth, when they tell him:—

> You speak o' the people,
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

Even Coriolanus's valour is described with a fire chiefly of the imagination. The magnificent battle-poetry of this play betrays no martial enthusiasm, like that which glows so transparently in the choruses of *Henry V.* The career of Coriolanus, with his fabulous, yet, in the sequel, futile valour, is a satire upon militarism; and the sublime images in which his feats are told—he "struck Corioli like a planet"—"as weeds before a vessel under sail, so men obey'd and fell below his stem"—only make the undertone of irony more explicit. Shakespeare had dared to laugh at Achilles and Ajax; but the Homeric grandeur of Coriolanus (communicated through an utterly un-Homeric style) conceals a not less bitter sense of the futilities of heroism.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Volumnia.

He [Coriolanus] is prouder of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honour in himself but what he can refer to that honoured source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him; in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such in-

trinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold, dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says, "My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod," we have the sublimity of fllial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mould, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum; on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporise with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of wilfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" for reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that binds together successive generations in one continuous

life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honours not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Virgilia.

This name [of Coriolanus—" My gracious silence "—] for his wife, who, while the others are receiving him with loud rejoicings, meets and welcomes him with speechless happiness looking out from her swimming eyes, is conceived in the very fulness of poetical and Shakespearian perfection. It comprises the gracefulness of beauty which distinguishes her, and the gracious effect which her muteness of love-joy has upon him who shrinks from noisy applause and even from merely expressed approbation; and it wonderfully concentrates into one felicitous word the silent softness that characterizes Virgilia throughout. She is precisely the woman—formed by nature gentle in manner, and rendered by circumstances sparing in speech—to inspire the fondest affection in such a man as Coriolanus; and we accordingly find him a passionately attached husband. The few words he addresses to her in the course of the play are among the most intense utterances of spousal enamouredness that even Shakespeare has written. The dramatic portrait of Virgilia we have always considered to be one of the very finest of the Poet's sketch-productions. It is put in with the most masterly touches; it paints her by very few strokes, very few colours; but they are so true, so exquisitely artistic, that they present her to the life. She is supremely gentle, and, like most women whose gentleness is their chief characteristic, singularly immovable,

not to say obstinate, when once resolved; she is habitually silent, as the wife of such a man as Coriolanus and daughter-in-law of such a woman as Volumnia would assuredly become, being naturally of a gentle disposition; and this combination of gentleness and silence is wonderfully drawn by Shakespeare throughout the character-portrait, and as wonderfully condensed here into one expressive name.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

V.

Aufidius.

The varying feelings of Aufidius are such as may be often observed to arise in the contentions of able and ambitious men for honour or power, and are just such as would, under these circumstances, be natural in a mind like that of Aufidius—ambitious, proud, and bold, with many noble and generous qualities, yet not above the influence of selfish and vindictive emotions and desires. The mortification of defeat embitters his rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think that I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VI.

Menenius.

If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius,

a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humourous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Aristocracy Against Democracy.

Shakespear has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state affairs. *Coriolanus* is a storehouse of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's *Reflections,* or Paine's *Rights of Man,* or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespear himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of bating the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it.

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves: therefore they ought to be beaten. They work

hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest —that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A theatrical audience of those days was, to Shakespeare's eyes at any rate, an uncultivated horde, and it was this crowd which represented to him "the people." He may have looked upon them in his youth with a certain amount of good will and forbearance, but they had become entirely odious to him now. It was undoubtedly the constant spectacle of the "*understanders*," and the atmosphere of their exhalations, which caused his scorn to flame so fiercely over democratic movements and their leaders, and all that ingratitude and lack of perception which, to him, represented "the people."

With his necessarily slight historical knowledge and insight, Shakespeare would look upon the old days of both Rome and England in precisely the same light in which he saw his own times. His first Roman drama testifies to his innately anti-democratic tendencies. He seized with avidity upon every instance in Plutarch of the stupidity and brutality of the masses. Recall, for example, the scene in which the mob murders Cinna, the poet, for no better reason than its fury against Cinna, the conspirator (*Julius Cæsar,* III. iii.).

This point of view meets us again and again in *Coriolanus*; and whereas, in his earlier plays, it was only occasionally and, as it were, accidentally expressed, it has now grown and strengthened into deliberate utterance.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

The humorous scenes which give the play variety were entirely contributed by Shakespeare; and the presentation of the mob is highly characteristic. The Poet hated the irrationality and violence of untrained men. Coriolanus never for a moment conceals his contempt for them:—

> I heard him swear,
> Were he to stand for consul, never would he
> Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
> The napless vesture of humility;
> Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
> To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

This is quite in accord with Casca's contempt for the "rabblement" which "hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," because Cæsar refused the crown. This contempt finds its most satiric expression in Jack Cade's manifesto:—

"Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass."

In complete contrast with this conception of the common people as a mere rabble, full of passion and devoid of ideas, stands Coriolanus—a typical aristocrat, with the virtues of the aristocrat: courage, indifference to pain, scorn of money, independence of thought, command of eloquence, and natural aptitude for leadership. These great qualities are neutralized by colossal egotism, manifesting itself in a pride so irrational and insistent that, sooner or later, by the necessity of its nature, it must produce the tragic conflict. Coriolanus, in spite of his great faults, has heroic proportions, and fills the play with the sense of his superiority; he lives and dies like a true tragic hero.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

VIII.

Dramatic Features.

There is more unity in the tragedy of *Coriolanus* than in either of the other Roman plays; yet, grand and powerful as it is, its tragical interest is less than that of *Julius Cæsar* and its poetical merit less than that of *Antony and Cleopatra*. There is something hard about it, both in sentiment and in style. The delineation of social and personal pride is not a subject to evoke much sympathy or emotion, and although it may in its course reach sublime heights, its sublimity is wholly independent of moral greatness. Of all Shakespeare's greater works, this is the most difficult to construe; the unintelligibility of several passages is doubtless due to some corruption of the text, but besides this, the general style is exceedingly obscure, and overloaded with metaphorical and elliptical expressions. Even the great scene between Coriolanus and his mother is not of uniform excellence.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
YOUNG MARCIUS, *son of Coriolanus.*
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.*

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the

object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you.
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em, in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
'Fore me this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,

Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what 's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius ' O, if he
Had borne the business! '

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,

his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam: how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcius is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Scene V.

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did

Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set we against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts ' We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you:
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate

For their own good and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?
Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give

me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can 't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you

are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir. } Nay, 'tis true.
Val. }

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of

the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember

With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a

monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,

you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here;
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I 'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
First Cit. He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show
in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all

Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall'! 90
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, etc. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, etc. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,* 'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!' 'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'

'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion 's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let 's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men. Be gone:
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance, Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
A Patrician. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I 'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she 's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I 'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence
are you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go
to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!
Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.
Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.
Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow 's this?
First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*
Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Third Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.
Cor. Follow your functions, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*
Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*
Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
Third Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Ay.
Third Serv. Where 's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tired, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say ' 'Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves; I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let 's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell me not:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, and Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant

cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]
Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child, to see
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we received'; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,

And then I 'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy

his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans

Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them.
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry ' Welcome, ladies, welcome! '
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for cónsul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; the commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't.

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

Glossary.

Abated, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. "*abased*"); III. iii. 132.
Absolute, perfect; IV. v. 139.
Abused, deceived; III. i. 58.
Addition, title; I. ix. 66.
Advanced, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.
Affect, desire, aim at; II. ii. 23.
Affecting, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.
Affection, inclination, tendency; I. i. 107.
Affections, inclinations, desires; I. i. 180.
Affects, aims at; III. iii. 1.
Afric, Africa; I. viii. 3.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 55.
After your way, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.
Against, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.
Age, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.
Ages, time, life; III. i. 7.
Alarum, call to arms; II. ii. 79.
All, any; III. i. 143.
——; "all gaze"; the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 8.
——; "all our lamentation"; *i.e.* "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.
Allaying, tempering, diluting; II. i. 49.
Allow, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.
Allowance, acknowledgement, III. ii. 57.
Amazonian chin, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 94.
An, if; II. i. 136.
Ancient, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 236; IV. v. 102.
Anon, at once; II. iii. 147, 150.
Answer, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.
——, take advantage; II. iii. 265.
——, punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.
Answering, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.
Antiates, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.
Antique, old; II. iii. 124.
Appeared, apparent (Hanmer, "*affeer'd*"; Warburton, "*appeal'd*"; Jackson conj. "*apparel'd*"); IV. iii. 9.
Approbation; "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 150.
Apron-men, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.
Apt, susceptible; III. ii. 29.
Arabia, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.
Are to, belong to; I. i. 276.
Arithmetic, calculation; III. i. 245.

Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.
Arriving, having reached; II. iii. 187.
Article, condition; II. iii. 202.
Articulate, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. 22, 216.
——, as that; II. i. 239.
——, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
Assembly (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 158.
Assistance, persons assisting (Hanmer, "*assistants*"; Walker, "*assistancy*"); IV. vi. 33.
At, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
At a word, in a word, in short; I. iii. 116.
At home, in my own home; I. x. 25.
Atone, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
At point, on the point of; III. i. 194.
Attach, arrest; III. i. 175.
Attend, listen; I. ix. 4.
——, await; II. ii. 163.
Attended, waited for; I. x. 30.
Attends, awaits; I. i. 78.
Auburn, probably flaxen (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Abram*"); II. iii. 21.
Audible, quick of hearing; IV. v. 232.
Augurer, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
Austerity and garb, austere demeanour; IV. vii. 44.
Authority, those in power; I. i. 16.
Avoid, quit; IV. v. 25.
——, get you gone; IV. v. 33.
Baes, cries *ba*; II. i. 11.
Bald, senseless; III. i. 165.
——, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 200.
Bale, harm, injury; "must have b.," "must get the worst of it"; I. i. 166.
Bare; "a b. petition" = a mere petition; V. i. 20.
Bats, heavy sticks; I. i. 58.
Batten, grow fat; IV. v. 33.
Battle, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
Beam; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
Beard to beard, face to face; I. x. 11.
Bear the knave, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
Because that, because; III. ii. 52.
Bemock, intensive form of *mock*; I. i. 260.
Be naught, be lost; III. i. 231.
Bended, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 273.
Be off, take my hat off; II. iii. 105.
Be put, come; III. i. 233.
Best, i.e. best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
Bestrid, bestrode, *i.e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 96.
Be that I am, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
Bewray, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
Bisson conspectuities, purblind powers of sight (Folios 1, 2, "*beesome*"; Folios 3, 4, "*beesom*" and "*Besom*"); II. i. 66.

Bleeding, i.e. "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 79.
Bless'd, happy; II. ii. 61.
Bless from, preserve from; I. iii. 48.
Blood, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
Blown, swollen; V. iv. 49.
Bolted, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
Bonnet, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.
Bonneted, i.e. unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets (Johnson conj. "*unbonnetted*"); II. ii. 29.
Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.
Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 92.
Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 107.
Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.
Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 123.
Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.
Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.
Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.
Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.
Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.
Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 101.
Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.
Bulks, the projecting parts of shops on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 218.
Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.
By, at; I. vi. 5.
By, in comparison with; I. x. 18.
——, next to, near; III. i. 101.

Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 89.
Came off, escaped; II. ii. 115.
Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 94.
Canopy, i.e. the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 40.
Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.
Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.
Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 70.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 194.
Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.
Catched, caught; I. iii. 66.
Cats, a term of contempt (Collier MS., "*Curs*"; Staunton conj. "*Bats*"; Gould conj. "*Rats*"); IV. ii. 34.
Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 200.
——, quarrel; III. i. 235.
——; "as c. will be obey'd," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.
Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.
Censure, judgement; I. i. 271.
——, sentence; III. iii. 46.
Censured, estimated; II. i. 22.
Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.
Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 47.
Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.

Change of honours, fresh honours, variety of honours (Theobald, "*charge*"); II. i. 207.
Charge, cost; V. vi. 68.
Charg'd, would charge; IV. vi. 112.
Charges, troops, companies; IV. iii. 48.
Charter, privilege; I. ix. 14.
Chats, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 216.
Choice; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.
Choose, fail to; IV. iii. 39.
Chose, chosen; II. iii. 160.
Circumvention, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.
Clapp'd to, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.
Clean kam, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.
Clip, embrace; I. vi. 29.
Cluck'd, called, as a hen does (Folio 1, "*clock'd*"); v. iii. 163.
Clusters, mobs; IV. vi. 122.
Clutch'd, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.
Cockle, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.
Cog, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.
Coign, corner; V. iv. 1.
Come off, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.
Comfortable, cheerful; I. iii. 2.
Commanded, entrusted with a command; I. i. 265.
Commandment, command; II. iii. 236.
Commend, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 147.
Common, commons, people; I. i. 154.
Common part, share in common; I. ix. 39.
Companions, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.
Complexions, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 220.
Compounded, agreed; V. vi. 84.
Conclude, decide; III. i. 144.
Condemned, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.
Condition, disposition; II. iii. 101.
Confirmed, determined, resolute; I. iii. 63.
Confound, waste; I. vi. 17.
Confusion, ruin; III. i. 110.
Conies, rabbits; IV. v. 220.
Conn'd, learned; IV. i. 11.
Consent of, agreement about; II. iii. 25.
Constant, true to my word; I. i. 242.
Contrived, plotted; III. iii. 63.
Convented, convened; II. ii. 57.
Converses, is conversant, associates; II. i. 51.
Corioli walls, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.
Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 124.
Countenance, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.
Counterpoised, equalled, counter-balanced; II. ii. 90.
Country (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.
Courage, plain speaking (Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*carriage*"); III. iii. 92.
Crack, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 72.
Cracking, breaking; I. i. 72.

Crafted fair, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.
Cranks, winding passages; I. i. 140.
Cry, pack; III. iii. 120.
——, proclaim; III. i. 275.
Cudgel, thick stick; IV. v. 153.
Cunning, knowledge; IV. i. 9.
Cupboarding, hoarding; I. i. 102.
Curded, congealed (Folios, "*curded*"; Rowe, "*curdled*"); V. iii. 66.
Cypress grove, grove of cypress trees (Folios, "*Cyprus grove*"); I. x. 30.

Dances, causes to dance; IV. v. 119.
Daws, jackdaws (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 46.
Debile, weak; I. ix. 48.
Declines, falls; II. i. 170.
Deed-achieving honour, honour gained by achievement; II. i. 182.
Deliver, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 98.
——, show; V. vi. 141.
Deliver'd, reported; IV. vi. 63.
Demand, ask; III. iii. 43.
Demerits, merits; I. i. 275.
Deserved, deserving; III. i. 292.
Designments, designs; V. vi. 35.
Despite, spite; III. iii. 139.
Determine, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
Determined of, decided, concerning; II. ii. 40.
Deucalion, the Greek Noah; II. i. 95.
Devour, destroy; I. i. 261.
Dieted, fed up; I. ix. 52.
Differency, difference (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "*difference*"); V. iv. 11.
Directitude, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 216, 217.
Disbench'd, drove from your seat; II. ii. 74.
Discharge, perform (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
Disciplined, thrashed; II. i. 132.
Disease, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 111.
Disgrace, humiliation; I. i. 97.
Dishonour'd, dishonourable; III. i. 60.
Disposition, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
Dispropertied, taken away (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*disproportioned*"); II. i. 256.
Dissentious, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 167.
Distinctly ranges, stands upright; III. i. 206.
Doit, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
Dotant, dotard; V. ii. 46.
Doublets, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
Doubt, fear; III. i. 152.
Drachma, an ancient Greek coin (Folios 1, 2, "*Drachme*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Drachm*"; Staunton, "*dram*"); I. v. 6.
Drop, shed; I. v. 19.

Each way, in every way; III. i. 49.
Ears; "by the e.," quarrelling; I. i. 236.
Edge, sword; I. iv. 29.
Effected, achieved; I. ix. 18.
Embarquements, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance (Rowe, "*Embarkments*"; Hanmer, "*Embankments*"; Warburton, "*Embarrments*," etc.); I. x. 22.
Embracements, embraces; I. iii. 4.
Empiricutic, quackish (probably a coined word); Folios 1, 2, "*Emperickqutique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Empericktique*"; Pope, "*Emperic*"; Collier MS., "*Empiric physic*"); II. i. 121.
Emulation, envious contention; I. i. 217.
End; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 252.
End all his, make all his own at last ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest) V. vi. 37.
Endure, remain; I. vi. 58.
Enemy (used adjectively; Folio 4, "*enemy's*"); IV. iv. 24.
Enforce, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 225.
Enter'd in, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.
Entertainment, engaged for service; IV. iii. 48.
——, reception; IV. v. 10.
Envied against, shown malice, ill-will toward (Becket conj. "*inveigh'd*"); III. iii. 95.
Envy, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
Envy you, show hatred against you (Keightley, "*envy to you*"); III. iii. 57.
Estimate, worth; III. iii. 114.
Even, equably; IV. vii. 37.
Ever, ever, always the same; II. i. 201.
Exposture, exposure; IV. i. 36.
Extol, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
Extremities, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.

Factionary, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
Factions, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 196.
Fail in, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
Fair, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
Fairness, best; I. ix. 73.
Falsely, treacherously; III. i. 60.
Fame and envy, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
Fane, temple; I. x. 20.
Fatigate, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 120.
Favour, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
Fear, fear for; I. vii. 5.
Feebling, weakening; I. i. 198.
Fell, cruel; I. iii. 48.
Fellest, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
Fidiused, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Folios, "*fiddious'd*"); II. i. 137.

Fielded, in the field; I. iv. 12.
Fillip, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 194.
Fires of heaven, stars; I. iv. 39.
First, first-born (Heath conj. "*fierce*"; Keightley, "*fairest*"; Cartwright conj. "*dear'st*"); IV. i. 33.
Fit o' the time, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
Fit you, fit yourself; II. ii. 145.
Flamens, priests; II. i. 221.
Flaw, gust; V. iii. 74.
Flouted, mocked; II. iii. 165.
Fob off, trick, cheat; I. i. 97.
Foil'd, defeated; I. ix. 48.
Fold-in, enclose; III. iii. 68.
Fond, foolish; IV. i. 26.
Fool, play the fool; II. iii. 126.
For, as for; I. i. 68.
——, against; II. ii. 91.
Force, urge; III. ii. 51.
Fore-advised, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 197.
'Fore me, an oath; probably used instead of "*'fore God*"; I. i. 123.
Forgot, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
Forsworn to grant; sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
Forth, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
——, gone; IV. i. 49.
For that, because; I. i. 116.
Fosset-seller, seller of fossets or taps (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Forset*"; Folio 4, "*Fauset*"); II. i. 73.
Four, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
Foxship, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
Fragments, a term of contempt; I. i. 225.
Frame, fashion; III. ii. 84.
Free, liberal; III. ii. 88.
Free contempt, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 206.
Freelier, more freely; I. iii. 3.
From the canon, against established rule (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
Front, confront; V. ii. 43.
Full quit of, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 86.
Full third part, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
Further, further business; II. iii. 179.

Gall'd, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 201.
Gan, began; II. ii. 118.
Gangrened, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
Garland, crown, glory; I. i. 187.
——, *i.e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 104.
Gave him way, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
Gave me, made me suspect; IV. v. 153.
General louts, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
Generosity; "to break the heart of g.," *i.e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 214.
Gentry, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
Giber, scoffer; II. i. 85.

Giddy, thoughtless; I. i. 271.
Gird, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 259.
Give, represent; I. ix. 55.
Give me excuse, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 114.
Give me way, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
Given, given the power; III. i. 93.
Godded, idolized; V. iii. 11.
God-den, good even (Folio 4, "*good-e'en*"); II. i. 97.
Gone, ago; I. ii. 6.
Good, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
——, good quality; I. ix. 32.
——, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
Good condition, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
Good report, reputation; I. ix. 54.
Got on, won from; III. iii. 4.
Grace, show honour to; V. iii. 15.
Gracious, lovely and loveable; II. i. 184.
Grained ash, rough, tough, ashen spear; IV. v. 111.
Gratify, requite; II. ii. 43.
Greater part, majority; II. iii. 41.
Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
Groat, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
Guard; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.
Guess, think, imagine; I. i. 18.
Gulf, whirlpool; I. i. 100.

Had carried, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.
Had purpose, intended; IV. v. 122.
Hale, haul; V. iv. 40.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; II. i. 272.
Hang by the wall, be useless; I. iii. 12.
Hap, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. ii. 75.
Has, he has (Folio 3, "*Ha's*"; Folio 4, "*H'as*"); III. i. 161.
Haver, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 88.
Have struck, have been striking; I. vi. 4.
Have them into, get themselves into; II. ii. 30.
Have with you, I am with you; come on; II. i. 278.
Havoc, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.
Head; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.
Hear hither, hear the sound here; I. iii. 32.
Heart, sense; II. iii. 210.
Helms, those at the helm, *i.e.* the leaders; I. i. 79.
——, helmets; IV. v. 128.
Helps, remedies; III. i. 221.
Here, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.
Hereto, hitherto; II. ii. 63.

Hie, hasten; I. ii. 26.
Him, i.e. this one; I. vi. 36.
Hint, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.
Hob and Dick, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 121.
Hold, bear; III. ii. 80.
Holloa, cry hollo! after me, pursue (Folios, "*hollow*"); I. viii. 7.
Holp, helped; III. i. 277.
Home, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.
——, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 106.
Honour'd, honourable; III. i. 72.
Hoo, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 110.
Hoop'd, i.e. whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 81.
Horse-drench, physic for a horse; II. i. 123.
Hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.
Hours, time (Rowe [ed. 2], "*honours*"); I. v. 5.
Housekeepers, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 54.
Hum, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger (Quartos, "*hem*"); V. i. 49.
Humorous, full of whims and humours; II. i. 47.
Hungry, sterile; V. iii. 58.
Husbandry, management; IV. vii. 22.
Huswife, housewife; I. iii. 74.
Hydra, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

Impediment; "your i.," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 74.
Imperfect, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 50.
In, of; II. ii. 14.
——, into; II. iii. 264; III. ii. 91.
——, by; III. i. 210.
——, on; III. iii. 102.
Incorporate, forming one body; I. i. 133.
Infirmity, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.
Information, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 89.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 34.
Inheritance, possessor; III. ii. 68.
Inherited, realised, enjoyed; II. i. 207.
Injurious, insulting; III. iii. 69.
Injury, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
Innovator, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
Interims, intervals; I. vi. 5.
Interjoin, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
Issues, children; IV. iv. 22.
It is, he is (used contemptuously); IV. v. 46.

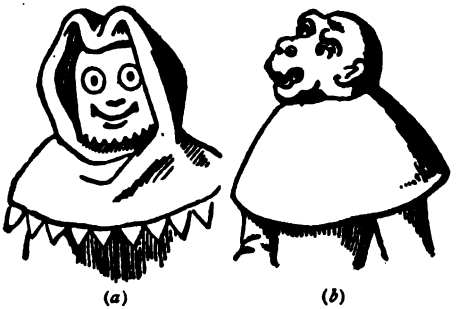
Jack guardant, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 64.
Jealous queen of heaven, i.e. Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.
Judicious, judicial; V. vi. 127.
Jump, risk, hazard (Pope, "*vamp*"; Singer [ed. 2], "*imp*"); III. i. 154.

Kick'd at, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 127.
Knee, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

Lack'd, had lost; III. ii. 23.
Lamentation; "to all our l.," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
Larum, alarm, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
Late, lately; III. i. 196.
Lay, lodged; I. ix. 82.
Leads, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
Leash, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
Leasing, falsehood; V. ii. 22.
Leave, leave off; I. iii. 90.
Leaves, leave; IV. v. 136.
Lenity, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
Lesser, less (Folios 1, 2, "*lessen*"; Rowe, "*Less for*"); I. vi. 70.
Lesson'd, taught by us; II. iii. 183.
Let go, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
Lets, he lets; II. ii. 15.
Lies, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
Lies you on, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
Lieve, lief, gladly (Folios 2, 3, "*live*"; Folio 1, "*liue*"; Capell, "*lief*"); IV. v. 181.
Like, equal; I. i. 103.
——, likely; I. iii. 14.
Liking, good opinion, favour; I. i. 198.
Limitation, required time; II. iii. 144.
List, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
——, pleasest; III. ii. 128.
Lockram, coarse linen; II. i. 217.
Long of you, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
'Longs, belongs; V. iii. 170.
Looks, seems likely, promises (Hanmer, "*works*"); III. iii. 29.
Lose, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 64.
Lots to blanks = all the world to nothing (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
Lover, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
Lurch'd, robbed; II. ii. 104.

Made doubt, doubted; I. ii. 18.
Made fair hands, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
Made head, raised an army; II. ii. 91.
Maims of shame, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 89.
Make a lip, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 120.

Make good, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
Malice, hatred; II. i. 236.
Malkin, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 216.
Mammocked, tore in pieces; I. iii. 69.
Man-entered, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 102.
Manifest, notorious; I. iii. 54.
Mankind (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
Many, multitude (Folio 1, "*meynie*"; Folios 2, 3, "*meyny*"; III. i. 66.
Mark, power; II. ii. 92.
Match, bargain; II. iii. 85.
Measles, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
Meed, reward; II. ii. 100.
Memory, memorial; IV. v. 74.
Mercy; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
Merely, absolutely; III. i. 305.
Met, are met (Hanmer, "*meet*"; Capell, "*are met*"; Anon conj. "*we've met*"); II. ii. 50.
Microcosm, little world; II. i. 64.
Minded, reminded; V. i. 18.
Minnows, small fry; III. i. 89.
Mirth; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company" (Schmidt); I. iii. 111.
Misery, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 130.
Mock'd, scoffed at; II. iii. 164.
Modest, moderate; III. i. 275.
Moe, more; II. iii. 130.
Monster'd, exaggerated; II. ii. 80.
More, greater; III. ii. 124.
Mortal, fatal; II. ii. 114.
——, mortally; V. iii. 189.
Motion, motive; II. i. 51.
——; "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 56.



(*a*) (*b*)

Mummers.
(*a*) From the *Romance of Fauvel* in the National Library, Paris.
(*b*) From a MS. in the Bodleian Library copied by Strutt.

Mountebank their loves, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
Movers, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
Mull'd, flat, insipid; IV. v. 233.
Multitudinous tongue, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
Mummers, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Muniments, supplies of war; I. i. 121.
Murrain; "a m. on't," a plague upon it (an oath); I. v. 3.
Muse, wonder; III. ii. 7.
Mutiners, mutineers; I. i. 253.
My horse to yours, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.

Name, credit; II. i. 142.
Napless, threadbare; II. i. 242.
Native, origin, source (Johnson and Heath conj. "*motive*"); III. i. 129.
Nature, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
Navel, centre; III. i. 123.
Needer, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
Nerves, sinews; I. i. 141.
Nervy, sinewy; II. i. 169.
Never-needed; "so n.n.," *i.e.* never so needed; V. i. 34.
Nicely-gawded, daintily bedecked (Lettsom conj. "*nicely-guarded*"); II. i. 225.
Noble, nobles; III. i. 29.
Noble touch, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.
Noise and horn, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
Nose, to scent; V. i. 28.
Not, not only (Hanmer, "*not only*"); III. iii. 97.
Note, notice; I. ix. 49.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 105.
Notion, understanding; V. vi. 107.
Now, just; I. ix. 79.

Object, sight; I. i. 20.
Occupation; "the voice of o.," *i.e.* "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
O'er-beat, overwhelm (Folios, "*o're-beat*"; Rowe, "*o'er-bear*"; Becket conj. "*o'er-bear't*"); IV. v. 134.
O'er-peer, rise above; II. iii. 126.
Of, from; II. iii. 243.
——, concerning; I. i. 272.
——, by; I. ii. 13.
Offer'd, attempted; V. i. 23.
——, about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
——, on; II. iii. 213.
Office me from, use your office to keep me from; V. ii. 65.
Official marks, tokens of office; II. iii. 146.
On, of (Folios 1, 2, "*one*"); I. ii. 4.
Once, once for all; II. iii. 1.
——, once when; II. iii. 16.
One danger, (?) "constant source of danger" (Theobald, "*our*"); III. i. 288.
Only, sole; I. ix. 36.
On's, of his; I. iii. 70.
On't, of it; III. i. 152.

Ope, open; I. iv. 43.
Opinion, public opinion; I. i. 274.
Opposer, opponent; IV. iii. 36.
Opposite, opponent; II. ii. 22.
Orange-wife, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 72.
Ordinance, rank; III. ii. 12.
Osprey, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish (Folios, "*Aspray*"); IV. vii. 34.
Our, from us (Hanmer, "*their*"; Ingleby conj. "*for*"; Lettsom conj. "*a*"; Kinnear, "*as*"); III. i. 121.
Out, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 124.
Outdares, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
Out o' door, out of doors (Folio 1, "*out a doore*"); I. iii. 114.

From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

Out of; "out of daily fortune," *i.e.* "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
Overta'en, come up with, equalled; I. ix. 19.
Owe, own; III. ii. 130.
Owe you, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.

Pack-saddle; II. i. 93. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Palates; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savours most of theirs (Johnson, "*must palate*"); III. i. 104.
Paltering, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
Parcel, part; IV. v. 225.
Parcels, portions; I. ii. 32.
Part, side; I. x. 7.
Parted, departed; V. vi. 73.
Participate = participating; I. i. 106.
Particular, personal; IV. v. 89.
——, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
——, personal relation; V. i. 3.
Particularize, specify, emphasize; I. i. 21.
Particulars; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 48.
Party, side, part; I. i. 237.
Pass, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 142.
Pass doubt, without doubt; II. iii. 263.
Patience; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 78.
Pawn'd, pledged; V. vi. 21.
Penelope, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.

Pent, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
Perceive's, perceive his; II. ii. 159.
Peremptory, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
Pestering, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
Physical, salutary; I. v. 19.
Pick, pitch; I. i. 203.
Piece, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
——, add to; II. iii. 218.
Piercing, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 86.
Pikes, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitch-forks (used with play on both senses); I. i. 23.
Place; "his p.," *i.e.* the consulship; II. i. 158.
Please it, if it please; V. vi. 140.
Plebeii, plebeians (Rowe, "*plebeians*"); II. iii. 190.
Plot; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
Points, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
Poison, destroy; V. ii. 89.
Poll, number, counted by heads (Folios, "*pole*"); III. i. 134.
Polled, bared, cleared (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 209.
Poorest, smallest; III. iii. 32.
Portance, bearing, demeanour; II. iii. 230.
Ports, gates; I. vii. 1.
Possessed, informed; II. i. 139.
Post, messenger; V. vi. 50.
Pot; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
Potch, poke; I. x. 15.
Pother, uproar; II. i. 226.
Pound up, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
Power, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
Pow, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 150.
Practice, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
Prank them, deck themselves (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
Precipitation, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
Preparation, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
Present, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
——, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
Presently, immediately, at once; IV. v. 223.
Press'd, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
Pretences, intentions; I. ii. 20.
Progeny, race; I. viii. 12.
Pronounce, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
Proof; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
Proper, own; I. ix. 57.
Properly, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 87.
Proud; "p. to be" = proud of being; I. i. 262.
Provand, provender (Pope, "*provender*"); II. i. 259.
Prove, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
Puling, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.

Pupil age, pupilage, minority (Folios *2*, 3, 4, "*Pupil-age*"); II. ii. 101.
Purpose; "our p. to them," of announcing our intention to them (*i.e.* the people); II. ii. 155.
Put in hazard, risked; II. iii. 262.
Put upon, incited, urged; II. i. 264.
Put you to 't, put you to the test; I. i. 232.
Put you to your fortune, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.
Putting on, instigation; II. iii. 258.

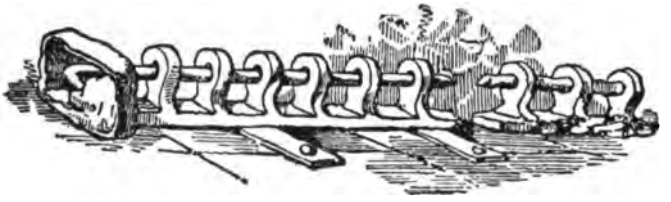
Quaked, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.
Quarry, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead (a hunting term); I. i. 201.
Quarter'd, slaughtered; I. 202.
Quired, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.

Rack'd, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.
Rakes, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 24.
Rapt, enraptured; IV. v. 119.
Rapture, fit; II. i. 215.
Rascal, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 162.
Reason = "there is reason for it"; IV. v. 241.
——, argue for; V. iii. 176.
——, converse; I. ix. 58.
Reasons, arguments; V. vi. 59.
Receipt; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 115.
Receive to heart, take to heart; IV. iii. 22.
Reckless, thoughtless; III. i. 92.
Recommend, commit the task; II. ii. 154.
Rectorship, guidance; II. iii. 211.
Reechy, dirty (literally *smoky*); II. i. 217.
Reek, vapour; III. iii. 121.
Rejourn, adjourn; II. i. 73.
Remains, it remains; II. iii. 145.
Remove; "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.
Render, render up, give; I. ix. 34.
Repeal, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.
Repetition, utterance, mention; I. i. 47.
Report, reputation; II. i. 122.
——; "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 33.
Request, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 148.
Require, ask; II. ii. 159.
Rest, stay; IV. i. 39.
Restitution; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).
Rheum, tears; V. vi. 46.
Ridges horsed, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 219.

Ripe aptness, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 23.
Road, inroad; III. i. 5.
Rome gates, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 208.
Roted, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.
Rub, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.
Ruth, pity; I. i. 200.

Safe-guard; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
Sat, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
Save you, i.e. God save you (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
Say, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
Scabs, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 169.
Scaling, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 255.
Scandal'd, defamed; III. i. 44.
Scarr'd, wounded; IV. v. 112.
Scorn him, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
Scotched, cut, hacked; IV. v. 192.
'Sdeath, a contraction of *God's death,* a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 220.
Season'd, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
Seeking, request, demand; I. i. 191.
Seld-shown, seldom seen; II. i. 221.
Self; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 97.
Sennet, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 170.
Sensible, sensitive; I. iii. 89.
Sensibly, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
Servanted to, subject to; V. ii. 86.
Set down before 's, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
Set on, incited, instigated (? go on!); III. i. 58.
Set up the bloody-flag, i.e. declare war (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 77.
Several, separate; IV. v. 125.
Sewing, embroidering; I. iii. 55.
Shall, shall go; III. i. 31.
Shall 's, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
Shame, be ashamed; II. ii. 70.
Shent, reproved, rated; V. ii. 101.
Shop, workshop; I. i. 136.
Should, would; II. iii. 25.
Show'd, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
Show'st, appearest; IV. v. 65.
Shrug, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
Shunless, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 115.
Side, take sides with; I. i. 196.
Silence, silent one; II. i. 184.
Since that, since; III. ii. 50.

Single, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 37.
Singly, by a single person; II. ii. 90.
Singularity; "more than s.," *i.e.* independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 281.
Sithence, since; III. i. 47.
Sits down, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
Slight, insignificant; V. ii. 106.
Slightness, trifling; III. i. 148.
Slip; "let s.," let loose (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
Small, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
Smote, struck at; III. i. 319.
Soft, gentle; III. ii. 82.
Soldier (trisyllabic); I. i. 119.
Solemness, gravity; I. iii. 114.
So made on, made so much of; IV. v. 197.
So many so, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
Some certain, some; II. iii. 59.
Something, somewhat; II. i. 49.
Sometime, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
Sooth'd, flattered; II. ii. 76.
Soothing, flattery; I. ix. 44.
——, flattering; III. i. 69.
Sort, manner; I. iii. 2.
South; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapours came; I. iv. 30.
Sowl, pull by the ears; IV. v. 207.
Speak, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
Speed, turn out; V. i. 61.
Spices, samples; IV. vii. 46.
Spirit (monosyllabic); II. i. 169.
Spot, figure, pattern; I. iii. 56.
Spritely, lively; IV. v. 231.
Stain, eclipse; I. x. 18.
Stale 't, make it stale (Folios, "*scale 't*"); I. i. 95.
Stamp'd, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
Stand, stop; V. vi. 128.
Stand to, uphold; III. i. 208.
——, stand by; V. iii. 199.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
Stand with, be consistent with; II. iii. 90.
State, government; IV. iii. 11.
Stay upon, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
Steep Tarpeian death, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
Stem, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 110.
Sticks on, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 274.
Stiff, obstinate (perhaps = unable to move); I. i. 244.
Still, always, constantly; II. i. 254.
Stitchery, stitching, needlework; I. iii. 73.
Stocks. (The specimen here engraved was discovered at Pompeii, and is now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples); V. iii. 160.



Stocks.

Stood, stood up in defence of; IV. vi. 45.
Stood to 't, made a stand, stood firm; IV. vi. 10.
Store; "good store," good quantity; I. ix. 32.
Stout, proud; III. ii. 78.
Stoutness, pride; III. ii. 127.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 119.
Stretch it out, extending its power to the utmost; II. ii. 54.
Stride, bestride; I. ix. 71.
Strucken, struck; IV. v. 152.
Stuck, hesitated; II. iii. 17.
Subdues, subjects him to punishment; I. i. 179.
Subtle, smooth and deceptive; V. ii. 20.

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground.
From Strutt's copy of an illumination in a *Book of Prayers* belonging to Douce.

Sudden, hasty; II. iii. 257.
Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 22.
——, endurance; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility; III. i. 24.
Suggest, prompt; II. i. 253.
Summon the town, i.e. to surrender; I. iv. 7.
Surcease, cease; III. ii. 121.
Surer; "no s.," no more to be depended upon; I. i. 175.
Surety, be sureties for; III. i. 178.
Sway, bear sway; II. i. 212.
Swifter composition, making terms more quickly; III. i. 3.
Sworn brother; people who had taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati,* sworn brothers; II. iii. 100.

Tabor, a small drum of mediæval origin, usually strapped upon the left arm between wrist and elbow and beaten by the right hand; I. vi. 25. (*Cp.* illustration).

From a XIVth cent. MS. in the National Library, Paris.

Ta'enforth, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
Ta'en note, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
Tag, rabble; III. i. 248.
Taints, infects; IV. vii. 38.
Take in, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
Take up, cope with; III. i. 244.
Taken well, interviewed at a favourable time; V. i. 50.
Tame, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
Target, a small shield; IV. v. 123.
Tauntingly, mockingly, disparagingly (Folio 1, "*taintingly*"; Folios 2, 3, "*tantingly*"); I. i. 113.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
Tent, probe; I. ix. 31.
——, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
——, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
Tetter, infect with tetter, *i.e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
Than those, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
That's, that has; II. ii. 82.
That's off, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 63.
Thread, file through singly; III. i. 124.
Tiber, figurative for water; II. i. 49.
Tiger-footed, tiger-like, "hastening to seize its prey"; III. i. 312.
Time, immediate present; present time; II. i. 277.
——, "the t.," *i.e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'Tis right, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 244.
To, according to; I. iv. 57.
——, compared to; II. i. 121.
——, against; IV. v. 130.
——, "to his mother" = for his mother; V. iii. 178.
Told, foretold; I. i. 230.
Took, took effect, told; II. ii. 111.
To's power, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 254.
To't, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
Touch'd, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 197.
Traducement, calumny; I. ix. 22.
Traitor; "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
Translate, transform; II. iii. 195.
Transport, bear, carry; II. i. 232.
Treaty, proposal, tending to an agreement; II. ii. 58.
Trick, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
Triton, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.

Troth; "o' my t.," on my word (a slight oath); I. iii. 62.
——, faith; IV. ii. 49.
——, truth; IV. v. 192.
True purchasing, honest earning; II. i. 148.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
Tuns, large casks, IV. v. 102.
Turn, put; III. i. 284.
Twins, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

Unactive, inactive; I. i. 101.
Unbarb'd sconce, unarmed, bare, head (*sconce,* used contemptuously; Becket conj. "*imbarbed*"; Nicholson conj. "*embarbed*") III. ii. 99.
Unborn; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.
Undercrest, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.
Under fiends, fiends of hell; IV. v. 95.
Ungravely, without dignity; II. iii. 231.
Unhearts, disheartens; V. i. 49.
Unlike, unlikely; III. i. 48.
Unmeriting, as undeserving; II. i. 43.
Unproperly, improperly; V. iii. 54.
Unscann'd, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.
Unseparable, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.
Unsever'd, inseparable; III. ii. 42.
Upon, laid upon; III. ii. 141.
——, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 236.
Upon, against; III. iii. 47.
Used; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.
Ushers, forerunners; II. i. 167.

Vail, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.
Vantage, advantage, benefit; I. i. 163.
Vantage; "v. of his anger," *i.e.* the favourable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 266.
Variable, various, all kinds; II. i. 220.
Vaward, vanguard; I. vi. 53.
Vent, get rid of; I. i. 228.
——; "full of v.," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 232.
Verified, supported the credit of (or spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.
Vexation, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.
Viand, food; I. i. 102.
Virginal, maidenly; V. ii. 44.
Virgin'd it, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.
Virtue, valour, bravery; I. i. 41.
Voice, vote (verb); II. iii. 240.
Voices, votes; II. ii. 143.
'Voided, avoided (Folios "*voided*"); IV. v. 85.
Vouches, attestations; II. ii. 122.
Vulgar station, standing room among the crowd; II. i. 223.

Wail, bewail; IV. i. 26.
Want, am wanting in; I. iii. 85.
Warm at's heart, i.e. he is gratified; II. iii. 148.

Warrant, measures; III. i. 276.
War's garland, laurel wreath, the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.
Watch'd, kept guard; II. iii. 132.
Waved, would waver; II. ii. 18.
Waving, bowing; III. ii. 77.
Waxed, grew, throve (Folio 2, "*wated*"; Folios 3, 4, "*waited*"); II. ii. 103.
Weal, good, welfare; I. i. 154.
——, commonwealth; II. iii. 187.
Wealsmen, statesmen; II. i. 55.
Weeds, garments; II. iii. 159.
Well-found, fortunately met with; II. ii. 47.
What, why; III. i. 317.
——, exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 14.
Wheel, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.
Where, whereas; I. i. 103.
Where against, against which; IV. v. 110.
Which, who; I. i. 191.
Whither (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.
Who, he who; I. i. 179.
——, whom; II. i. 7.
——, which; III. ii. 119.
Wholesome, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 66.
Whom, which; I. i. 267.
Wills; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 250.
Wind, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.
Win upon, gain advantage, get the better of (Grant White conj. "*win open*"); I. i. 223.
With, by; III. iii. 7.
Withal, with; III. i. 141.
With us, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.
Wives, women; IV. iv. 5.
Woollen, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.
Woolvish toge, "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); *v.* Note; II. iii. 120.
Word, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.
Worn, worn out; III. i. 6.
Worship, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.
Worst in blood, in the worst condition; I. i. 162.
Worth; "his w. of contradiction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.
Worthy; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.
——, justifiable; III. i. 241.
Wot, know; IV. v. 167.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. v. 88.
Wrench up, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.

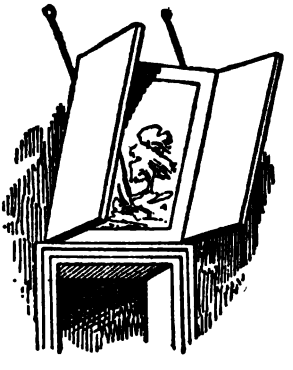
Yield, grant; II. ii. 57.
You may, you may, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 39.
Youngly, young; II. iii. 242.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 177, 179. '*your virtue*, etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).

I. iii. 12. '*Picture-like to hang by the wall.*' "Ancient wall pictures were usually paintings in fresco . . . but the Pompeian wall-paintings furnish us with the annexed curious example of a portable picture (protected by folding leaves) placed over a door, and inclining forward by means of strings secured to rings after the fashion of those in our own houses."



I. iii. 16. '*bound with oak,*' as a mark of honour for saving the life of a citizen.

I. iii. 46. '*At Grecian sword, contemning,*' etc.; Folio 1 reads, 'At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria,*' etc.; the reading in the text is substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.

I. iv. 14. '*that fears you less*'; Johnson conj. '*but fears you less*'; Johnson and Capell conj. '*that fears you more*'; Schmidt, '*that fears you,—less.*' The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in '*nor*' and '*less.*'

I. iv. 31. '*you herd of—Boils,*' Johnson's emendation. Folios 1. 2, '*you Heard of Byles*'; Folios 3, 4, '*you Herd of Biles*'; Rowe, '*you herds of biles*'; Pope (ed. 1), '*you herds; of boils*';

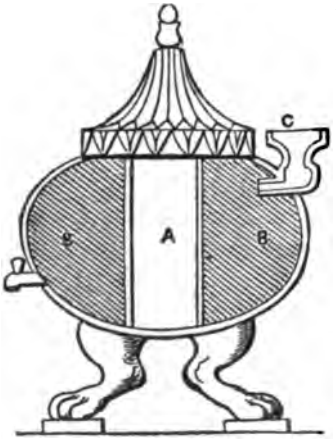
Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, *'you! herds of boils'*; Collier MS., *'unheard of boils'*; etc., etc.

I. iv. 42. *'trenches followed'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'trenches followes'*; Collier (ed. 1), *'trenches follow'*; (ed. 2), *'trenches. Follow!'*; Dyce, Lettsom conj. *'trenches: follow me'*; etc.

I. iv. 57. *'Cato's'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Calues'* and *'Calves'*; Rowe, *'Calvus.'*

I. vi. 6. *'ye'*; Folios, *'the.'*

I. vi. 76. Folios, *'O, me alone! make you a sword of me?'*; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."



I. ix. 41-53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of *'coverture'* for *'overture,'* as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; *'him'* is seemingly used here instead of the neuter *'it.'*

II. i. 52. *'A cup of hot wine.'* *Cp.* the subjoined drawing of an urn discovered at Pompeii. *A* is a cylindrical furnace, *B B* spaces for holding the liquor to be warmed. This is poured in at *C*, and drawn out by a cock on the other side.

II. i. 221-2. *'the bleared sights are spectacled to see him.'* Spectacles were not known till the XIVth century. An early form of them may be seen in the subjoined cut copied from a painting dated 1490.

II. i. 233. *'end,'* *i.e.* to where he should end.

II. i. 263. *'touch,'* Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'teach'*; Theobald, *'reach.'*

II. iii. 63-64. *'virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,' i.e.* which our divines preach to men in vain'; but the line is possibly corrupt.

II. iii. 120. *'wolvish toge'*; Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone: Folio 1 reads *'Wooluish tongue*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Woolvish gowne'*; Capell, *'wolfish gown'*; Mason conj. *'woollen gown,'* or *'foolish gown'*; Beckett conj. *'woolish gown'*; Steevens' conj. *'woolvish tongue'*; Grant White conj. *'foolish togue'*; Clarke (?) *'wool-'nish,' i.e. 'woolenish.'*

II. iii. 249-251. *vide* Preface.

III. i. 93. *'Hydra here'*; *i.e.* 'the many-headed multitude'; so Folio 2.

III. i. 98-101. *i.e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).

III. i. 230. *'your'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'our.'*

III. ii. 21. *'thwartings of'*; Theobald's reading; Folios, *'things of'*; Rowe, *'things that thwart'*; Wright conj. *'things that cross.'*

III. ii. 32. *'to the herd'*; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'to the heart'*; Collier MS., *'o' th' heart'*; etc.

III. ii. 56. *'though but bastards and syllables'*; Capell, *'but bastards'*; Seymour conj. *'although but bastards, syllables'*; Badham conj. *'thought's bastards, and but syllables.'*

III. ii. 64. *'I am in this'*; Warburton, 'In this advice I speak as your wife, your son,' etc.

III. ii. 69. *'that want,' i.e.* the want of that inheritance.

III. ii. 78. *'Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart'*; Johnson, *'With often,'* etc.; Capell, *'And often'*; Staunton conj. *'While often'*; Nicholson conj. *'Whiles-often'*; Warburton, *'Which soften.'*

III. iii. 35. *'among's,' i.e.* among us; Folio 1, *'amongs'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'amongst you'*; Pope, *'amongst you'*; Capell, *'among us.'*

III. iii. 36. *'throng,'* Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'Through.'*

III. iii. 55. *'accents,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'actions.'*

III. iii. 130. *'not'*; Capell's correction of Folios, *'but.'*

IV. i. 7-9. *'fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning'*; *i.e.* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, *'gently warded'*; Hanmer, *'greatly warded'*; Collier MS., *'gentle-minded.'*

IV. iv. 23. *'My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon'*; Capell's emendation. Folio 1 reads, *'My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon'*; Folios 2, 3, *'My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon'*;

Folio 4, '*My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon*'; Pope, '*My birth-place have I and my lovers left*'; Beckett conj. '*My country have I and my lovers lost,*' etc.

IV. v. 63. '*appearance*'; Folio 1, '*apparance*' (probably the recognised form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time.

IV. vii. 51-53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect:— "Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.

IV. vii. 55. '*falter,*' Dyce's ingenious reading; the Camb. ed. following Folios '*fouler.*'

V. i. 69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *to what he would not,* unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.

V. ii. 77. '*your*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*our.*'

V. ii. 86-88. '*though I owe My revenge properly,*' *i.e.* 'though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians.'

V. vi. 152. '*Trail your steel pikes*'; a mode of showing honour pertaining to the Shakespearian rather than to the classic era. The subjoined illustration is copied from a plate in a volume descriptive of the funeral ceremony of the Prince of Orange at Delft, 1647.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Citizens.*] Gervinus thinks that if we observe closely we shall not find the people here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in *Julius Cæsar* appear much worse than in *Coriolanus*. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in *Julius Cæsar*, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness; in *Coriolanus*, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities.

40. Thus in North's *Plutarch*: "But touching Martius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy."

99 *et seq.* The fable of *The Belly and the Members* has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited

version of it in Camden's *Remains*; but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch*, where it is very interestingly given.

139. *the seat o' the brain*:—According to the old philosophy, the heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called *the court*. So in a previous speech (line 119): *The counsellor heart*.

162. *Thou rascal*, etc.:—The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself."

208. *proverbs*:—Trench, speaking of proverbs, says that "in a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'no man of fashion,' as I think is his exact phrase, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these."

Scene II.

9. *press'd*:—The use of *press'd* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch*: "The common people, being set on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained*."

14. *Titus Lartius*:—North's *Plutarch* has been closely followed in this Scene: "In the country of the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore all the other Volsces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The Consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts; and taking the one part with himself,

he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them."

Scene III.

[*Volumnia and Virgilia.*] Of this "very graceful scene, in which the two Roman ladies, the wife and mother of Coriolanus, are discovered at their needle-work, conversing on his absence and danger," Mrs. Jameson says that over it "Shakespeare, without any display of learning, has breathed the very spirit of classical antiquity. The haughty temper of Volumnia, her admiration of the valour and high bearing of her son, and her proud but unselfish love for him, are finely contrasted with the modest sweetness, the conjugal tenderness, and the fond solicitude of his wife Virgilia."

16. *bound with oak*:—This incident is related with much spirit in North's *Plutarch*: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battel, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine soldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

Scene IV.

53. *Who sensibly outdares*, etc.:—Hudson reads "sensible, outdares." Whitelaw interprets: "The endurance of the man is more wonderful than that of the sword, because he can feel and

the sword cannot, and yet he endures the longer." Sidney's *Arcadia* has a similar thought: "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them: yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour."

56, 57. *a soldier even to Cato's wish*:—Thus North's *Plutarch*: "For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet was perhaps led into the anachronism by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.

Scene V.

4. *their hours*:—Several commentators have changed *hours* to *honours*, but *hours* is ascertained to be the right reading by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to carry away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile*, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."

Scene VI.

41 *et seq.* "The author of *Coriolanus*," says Bagehot, "never believed in a mob, and did something towards preventing anybody else from doing so." Shakespeare, he adds, had a disbelief in the middle classes, and no opinion of traders. "You will generally find that when a citizen is mentioned, he is made to do or to say something absurd."

Scene VII.

1. *keep your duties*:—The picture of the commotions of the republic exhibits also the qualities that, restraining those commotions within limits, excluded the last violences of faction and allowed the progress of the state in its imperial career notwith-

standing. We see the regulating as well as the exciting powers and principles—we see the more clearly therefore what danger is ever in waiting, and by the relaxation of what moral restraint it will be fatally admitted, with equal misery, whether by the popular or the patrician side.

Scene VIII.

12. *the whip of your bragg'd progeny*:—The whip or scourge with which your boasted progenitors (*progeny* used, singularly for this) punished their enemies.

14. [*They fight . . . driven in breathless.*] Brandes says: "The hero's bodily strength and courage are strained to the mythical. He forces his way single-handed into a hostile town, holds his own there against a whole army, and finally makes good his retreat, wounded but not subdued. Even Bible tradition, in which divine aid comes to the rescue, cannot furnish forth such deeds. Neither Samson's escape from Gaza (Judges xvi.) nor David's from Keilah (1 Samuel xxiii.) can compare with this amazing exploit."

Scene IX.

10, 11. The meaning appears to be that what he has done here is but as a morsel compared to Marcius's full feast of battle at Corioli.

19. *Hath overta'en mine act*:—"That is, has done as much as I have done, insomuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished." So says Malone. "The meaning," as Rolfe thinks, "seems rather to be: he that has done his best has come up with me, for that is all I have done."

82 *et seq. I sometime . . . freedom*:—The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch*: "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave."

Scene X.

10 *et seq.*:—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius's character." In connection with this note see Verplanck's observations upon Aufidius (originally made upon these remarks of Coleridge) in the Critical Comments prefixed to this play.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

39-41. The allusion here is to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

48, 49. *a cup of hot wine*, etc.:—There is a similar expression in Lovelace's little song, *To Althea, from Prison*:—

> "When flowing cups run swiftly round,
> With no *allaying Thames*;
> Our careless heads with roses bound,
> Our hearts with loyal flames."

51-53. *converses more . . . morning*:—Rather a late lier-down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 88, 89: "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."

87-89. *Our very priests . . . you are*:—Brandes says: "That Shakespeare held the same political views as Coriolanus is amply shown by the fact that the most dissimilar characters approve of them in every particular, excepting only the violent and defiant manner in which they are expressed. Menenius's description of the tribunes of the people is not a whit less scathing than that of Marcius."

121. *Galen*:—Certain critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. Upon whom

does it devolve to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy?

184. *Gracious silence* probably means "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful, acceptable.*

271 *et seq.* Here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honour of the successful combatant.

Scene II.

[*Enter two Officers,* etc.] Brandes observes that even the voice of one of the two serving-men of the Capitol exalts Coriolanus and justifies his scorn for the love or hatred of the people, the ignorant, bewildered masses. "We perceive," he adds, "that the Poet has taken no particular pains to disguise his own voice."

86-88. *It is held that valour,* etc.:—This thought was evidently borrowed from Plutarch: "Now in those daies, valiantnes was honoured in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other specially vertue besides."

98. *struck him on his knee*:—Not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee.*

Scene III.

55-60. When his friends insist upon his conforming to custom and appearing in person as applicant, Shakespeare, who has hitherto followed Plutarch step by step, here diverges, in order to represent this step as being excessively disagreeable to Marcius. According to the Greek historian, Coriolanus at once proceeds with a splendid retinue to the Forum, and there displays the wounds he has received in the recent wars; but Shakespeare's hero cannot bring himself to boast of his exploits to the people, nor to appeal to their admiration and compassion by making an exhibition of his wounds. He finally yields, but has hardly set foot in the Forum before he begins to curse at the position in which he has placed himself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Plutarch was by no means prejudiced against the people, and the subject had to be entirely refashioned by Shakespeare before it would harmonize with his mood. The historian may be guilty of serious contradictions in matters of detail, but he endeavours, to the best of his ability, to enter into the circumstances of times which were of hoary antiquity, even to him. The main drift of his narrative is to the effect that Coriolanus had already attained to great authority and influence in the city, when the Senate, which represented the wealth of the community, came into collision with the masses. The people were overridden by usurers, the law was terribly severe upon debtors, and the poor were subjected to incessant distraint; their few possessions were sold, and men who had fought bravely for their country and were covered with honourable scars were frequently imprisoned. In the recent war with the Sabines the patricians had been forced to promise the people better treatment in the future, but the moment the war was over they broke their word, and distraint and imprisonment went on as before. After this the plebeians refused to come forward at the conscription, and the patricians, in spite of the opposition of Coriolanus, were compelled to yield.

103, 104. *the great'st taste*, etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage thus: "The prevailing flavour of the whole smacks rather of their voice than of yours.' Judged by results—the taste it leaves in the mouth—this dualized government of compromise gives expression to the popular, rather than to the patrician, will: the tribunicial *nay* is stronger than the consular *yea*."

275, 276. *Do not cry havoc*, etc.:—*Havoc*, the signal for general slaughter, was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre, 1513: "That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll." The meaning of the text is, do not give the signal for no quarter when more moderate action may suffice.

304. *clean kam*:—Cotgrave has: "All goes cleane contrarie, quite *kamme*." The word occurs in Richard Hooker's sermon on *The Nature of Pride*: "Where is, then, the obliquity of the mind of man? His mind is perverse, *kam*, and crooked, when it

bendeth so, that it swerveth either to the right hand or to the left, by excess or defect, from that exact rule whereby human actions are measured." *Clean kam* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam*; of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim-kam*, and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."

Scene II.

13. [*Enter Volumnia.*] Mrs. Jameson says that "in Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, 'she saved Rome and lost her son.' Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness."

Scene III.

68 *et seq.* Coriolanus's fierce outburst when the name of *traitor* is flung at him proves, as Brandes thinks, that Shakespeare did not look upon treason as a pardonable crime.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1, 2. *the beast with many heads*:—That is, the many-headed multitude. Coriolanus is by no means free from personal pride and ambition, and yet his foremost wish at all times is but the good of his country. A plebeian government, in his eyes, is the greatest of misfortunes. He considers all political rights as connected with birth, because it includes all virtues—love of country, valour and nobility of mind. He is the pure embodiment of the aristocratic principle. Hence the harshness, the stubbornness and the passionate vehemence with which he rejects every com-

promise, every demand which he regards as derogatory; this is the cause of his contempt of the common herd. This contempt is as immoderate, as exaggerated, as his pride and admiration of true personal dignity and virtue.

Scene II.

1. *he's gone, and we'll no further*:—Rome is preserved from cleaving in the midst by the virtues of the state, the reverence for the political majesty which pervades both the contending parties. The senate averts the last evil by timely concession of the tribunitian power first, and then by sacrifice of a favourite champion of their own order, rather than civil war shall break out and all go to ruin in quarrel for the privilege and supremacy of a part. Rather than this they will concede, and trust to temporizing, to negotiating, to management, to the material influence of their position and the effect of their own merits and achievements, to secure their power or recover it hereafter. Among the people, on the other hand, there is also a restraining sentiment, a religion that holds back from the worst abuses of successful insurrection or excited faction. The proposition to kill Marcius is easily given up. Even the tribunes are capable of being persuaded to forego the extremity of rancour against the enemy of the people, and of their authority.

Scene IV.

The matter of this short scene is more fully presented in North's *Plutarch*: "Now in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than he did all the Romans besides: because that many times, in battles where they met, they were ever at the encounter one against another, like lusty courageous youths striving in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Insomuch as, besides the common quarrel between them, there was bred a marvellous private hate one against another. Yet notwithstanding, considering that Tullus Aufidius was a man of great mind, and that he above all other of the Volsces most desired revenge of the Romans, for the injuries they had done unto them: he did an act that confirmed the words of an ancient poet to be true, who said:—

'It is a thing full hard, man's anger to withstand,
If it be stiffy bent to take an enterprise in hand.
For then most men will have the thing that they desire,
Although it cost their lives therefore, such force hath wicked ire.'

And so did he. For he disguised himself in such array and attire, as he thought no man could ever have known him for the person he was, seeing him in that apparel he had upon his back: and as Homer said of Ulysses:—

'So did he enter into the enemies' town.'

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius's house."

Scene V.

68 *et seq.* The quick change that takes place in the demeanour of Coriolanus, after his sentence of banishment, is most expressive: his nature is now in truth subjected by a deeper feeling than it ever owned before. He who could not soothe either populace, tribunes or patricians, is seen an actual dissimulator for the time, as he urges composure—himself apparently composed, on his wailing and indignant family and mourning friends. For the first time he has embraced a bold counsel, and holds it concealed. In the presence of his former hated enemy Tullus, he learns such deliberate and impressive speech that gains him over immediately, and the feelings of the Volscian are the subject of a revulsion as sudden as those of Coriolanus himself.

216, 217. *directitude*:—"The third servant," says Clarke, "wishing to use a fine long word and intending to coin some such term as *discreditude* from *discredit*, or *dejectitude* from *dejectedness* (Shakespeare using the words *discredit*, *deject*, and *dejected* in such a way as to countenance either of these suggestions), blunders out his grandiloquent *directitude*. The author's relish of the joke is pleasantly indicated by his making the first servant repeat the word amazedly, as if not knowing what to make of it, and ask its meaning; and then making the third servant avoid the inconvenient inquiry by not noticing it, but running on with his own harangue."

Scene VI.

1. *We hear not of him*, etc.:—The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to thrust out an element that is hostile; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well-meriting servants that it retained within its bosom.

Scene VII.

34. *osprey*:—This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xxv. 134:—

> "The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
> But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."

And in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:—

> "I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
> That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1:—

> "Your actions
> Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
> Subdue before they touch."

37-43. *whether 'twas pride . . . cushion*:—"Aufidius," says Johnson, "assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war."

49, 50. *So our virtues*, etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage as follows: "Our virtues are virtues no longer if the time interprets

them as none. The soldier who is all soldier is misinterpreted in time of peace; for his unfitness for peace is seen, his fitness for war is not seen."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

50. This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings.

59, 60. "In the last Act," says Lloyd, "when old Menenius consents to try his influence, the tribune assures him, 'You know the very road into his kindness, and cannot lose your way'; and whatever oddity there may be in the way he attempts, I do not doubt it was that which he thought, and justly, gave him the best chance. 'Shakespeare wanted a buffoon,' says Johnson in reference to Menenius, 'and he went into the senate-house for that with which the senate-house would most certainly have supplied him.' Johnson had not reported and written debates for the Lords' house without making some observations; but as regards Menenius, it is unfair to call him a buffoon, for he evinces so much sober earnestness in the scenes of the senate-house, that he would not have failed had the occasion invited such a display again."

Scene III.

22 et seq. Mrs. Jameson says: "When the spirit of the mother and the son are brought into immediate collision, he yields before her; the warrior who stemmed alone the whole city of Corioli, who was ready to face 'the steep Tarpeian death, or at wild horses' heels,—vagabond exile—flaying,' rather than abate one jot of his proud will—shrinks at her rebuke. The haughty, fiery, overbearing temperament of Coriolanus, is drawn in such forcible and striking colours, that nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of Volumnia's character than his boundless submission to her will—his more than filial tenderness and respect."

94 *et seq.* Again Mrs. Jameson: "The triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved

for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty." This famous speech, ending with line 182, closely follows the spirit and letter of Plutarch, as rendered by North: "My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty [an honour] for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? Dost thou take it honourable for a nobleman to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest nobleman's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy. And, therefore, it is not only honest [honourable], but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him.

Scenes IV.-V.

With scarcely the intervention of any speaker of superior gravity to Menenius, the return and reception of the successful embassy of ladies and their demeanour are set before us with such simple force as to excite our veneration for the state deservedly destined to be imperial. The last encounter of the ladies and the city was marked by the mad petulance of Volumnia enraged at her loss, and the pettish lamentations of Virgilia; they now pass along after a still greater private loss—for hope of the return of Coriolanus is over—silent and dignified, and all the members of the state that were before opposed, unite to accompany them with honour, and senators and patricians, tribunes and people, forget all past disputes in joy and gratitude for the salvation of the state which none was false to in its hour of utmost peril.

Scene VI.

132. *Kill*:—In the concluding Scene we appear to see the supremacy of Rome assured, by her former faults and excesses appearing to be expelled with the banished Coriolanus to her enemies. In the capitol of the Volscians is perpetrated the assassination from the disgrace of which the better spirit of the Romans preserved their city; Aufidius and his fellows with equal envy and ingratitude take the place of the plotting tribunes, and the senators are powerless to control the conspirators and the mob of citizens who abet them. For Coriolanus himself it cannot be said that his mercy to his native city either sprung from or engendered a nobler sentiment of patriotism than he had shown himself capable of entertaining before; he returns the soldier of the Volscian as he went, and the only alleviation that his fate admits is that it is at least by an outburst of his original nature, faulty as it might be, that he provokes it, and that, carried away by passion and impatience, he dies at least in declared exultation at an exploit performed when he was the glorious soldier of Rome.

Questions on Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

1. Why does the play open with a scene presenting the common people?

2. In what respects does this mob resemble the Jack Cade mob presented in *2 Henry VI.*?

3. What opinion of Caius Marcius is held by the citizens?

4. How does Menenius make application of the fable of *The Belly and the Members*?

5. Mention some of the things that Caius Marcius says about the common people in his first speech. What does he say about the use of proverbs? What said Lord Chesterfield about the same?

6. Is it Shakespeare's usual method to introduce a character in this way? Does the situation develop the attitude of Caius Marcius, or does he seem to come forth as the possessor of an habitual mood?

7. Why does Caius Marcius welcome the news of the belligerency of the Volscians? What is foreshadowed in what he says of Tullus Aufidius?

8. What is the comment on Marcius made by the tribunes after his withdrawal?

9. What is effected by Sc. ii.?

10. In Sc. iii., where Volumnia first appears, what is the subject of her discourse and what national trait does it display? How is Virgilia contrasted with her? What interests her imagination?

11. How is cruelty as a trait ascribed to Marcius?

12. How is the iron temper of the times indicated by the domestic picture shown in Sc. iii.? For what does Virgilia stand?

13. Describe the battle incidents of Sc. iv. and indicate their effect upon Marcius.

14. How is Marcius presented in Sc. v.; how in Sc. vi.?

15. Does Sc. viii. bear out the reality of all the boasting of Marcius? Is the incident suitable for representation?

16. How does Marcius receive the honours of war? Compare Plutarch's account of the incident of the prisoner for whom Coriolanus begged release with Shakespeare's presentation of it.

17. What terms are granted to the Volscian city? How does Aufidius speak of Coriolanus?

ACT SECOND.

18. What account of himself does Menenius give in Sc. i.? Has he humour; has he patrician arrogance? Compare him with Lafeu in *All's Well that Ends Well.*

19. How does he contrast with Coriolanus in his opinion of the plebeian orders?

20. Indicate the purpose of the scene between Menenius and the women. Is Volumnia indifferent to the honours that proceed from the common people?

21. How is Coriolanus welcomed home by his mother; how by his wife?

22. What of his courtesy to women?

23. Where does Coriolanus first go in the city?

24. In what spirit does Brutus describe the crowd (lines 213-229) that go out to meet Coriolanus?

25. What do the tribunes fear from Coriolanus's elevation? What dramatic purpose is effected by lines 232-234?

26. What had Coriolanus said about the manner of suing for the consulship? What schemes for his defeat do the two tribunes meditate?

27. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play indicated in the dialogue of the two Officers in Sc. ii.?

28. What provocation did Brutus give for the outbreak of Coriolanus in the senate?

29. Against what prerogative of the commons does Coriolanus inveigh? What motive prompts him? Do his words react against him?

30. How (Sc. iii.) do the citizens reason? How does the preliminary of the Scene prepare for the public appearance of Coriolanus?

31. What feelings bred by his egotism does Coriolanus show at the outset? How are the three scenes of petitioning differentiated? Has Coriolanus any better excuse than personal repugnance to deter him from asking the people for their voices?

32. How are the commons wrought upon to withdraw the promises they have given?

ACT THIRD.

33. With what ominous sounds does Sc. i. open? Is there irony in lines 19, 20?

34. What does Coriolanus say of the free distribution of corn? What measure of political wisdom does he utter during his indignant rejoinder to Sicinius?

35. Were not the commons right in rejecting him as consul?

36. How is the brawl fomented? Does Coriolanus bear himself with dignity? Is there heard ever a word of criticism of him from his fellow patricians?

37. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd?

38. Does Volumnia in Sc. ii. council prudence? Is she superior to her son in mental power?

39. Comment upon the ethics of her speech beginning line 52. What motive impels her to urge her son to conciliate the angry people?

40. What leads Coriolanus to yield? With what presage of success does he go forth?

41. How does Sicinius prepare for the appearance of Coriolanus?

42. What instinct leads Coriolanus to turn inquisitor first? What stirs up his anger again?

43. Was there consideration in the sentence passed upon him?

44. Indicate the effect of his final speech. Being the apotheosis of egotism, what does it need behind it to carry conviction?

ACT FOURTH.

45. What is the unconscious irony of Coriolanus's words, Sc. i. 4?

46. Was it maternal love or disappointed ambition that caused Volumnia to forget her patriotism?

47. How does Sc. ii. present Volumnia? How is the action advanced by Sc. iii.?

48. How does Coriolanus philosophize in Sc. iv.? What connecting link in the action is here supplied?

49. Characterize the humour of the scene of the parley of Coriolanus with the servants of Aufidius.

50. In Coriolanus's account of himself to Aufidius what injustice does he do the nobles of Rome? How does this show his egotism and the narrowness of his vision?

51. In the reply of Aufidius how much is due to poetic passion and how much to manners now made obsolete?

52. What future action do they determine upon?

53. Point out the humour of the servants' talk following.

54. What truth and irony are expressed in Sicinius's speech opening Sc. vi.? How is the speech translated into action?

55. Compare the manner in which the news of the Volscian prisoner is received by Menenius and by Sicinius and Brutus. What traits of class are illustrated thereby?

56. How does Menenius misunderstand Coriolanus?

57. What effect is made upon nobles and upon commons by the news that the Volscians approach, led by Coriolanus? How is the general drift of the play as a comment on democracy subserved?

58. What is the nature of the complaint of Aufidius against Coriolanus? Does he point the defect in the latter?

59. Show the underlying irony of this Act as exhibiting the falling action.

ACT FIFTH.

60. How in the report of Cominius is Coriolanus shown to feel towards Rome? What has he done with friendship; with filial and family affections?

61. How does Menenius plan to prepare him for his own requests? How is he received in the Volscian camp?

62. Where is Sc. iii. prepared for? What yielding was there towards Menenius? What does Coriolanus say at the entrance of his mother and his wife?

63. How is he finally affected by their appearance?

64. Trace the stages of emotion in Volumnia's plea. What passion is supreme in her? What is the effect of the two lines spoken by young Marcius?

65. In yielding to his mother what does Coriolanus surrender?

66. What is the effect of the comments of Menenius in Sc. iv.?

67. What cover has Aufidius for his jealous perfidy?

68. What report does Coriolanus make to the lords of the Volscians? What trait is exhibited in his taking up Aufidius's insult, *Boy*?

Questions

69. Does the play close with the note of optimism observable in some of Shakespeare's tragedies?

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70. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

71. Comment on the perfection as well as simplicity of its construction.

72. Hazlitt has called Coriolanus "a perfect character." Other critics have spoken of him as the personification of a mood. Is there disagreement between the two; and which, in your opinion, is right?

73. Does this play suggest the methods in which Marlowe usually worked?

74. Does this play more than some others suggest a set purpose on the part of the dramatist to inculcate something of his own political philosophy? What constructive peculiarities seem to bear out the view?

Famous History of the
Life of King Henry VIII.

Preface.

The First Edition. *'The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth'* was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout;* the stage directions are full and explicit.† Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the Dramatis Personæ.

Date of Composition. *Henry the Eighth* was undoubtedly acted as *'a new play'* on June 29th, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theatre on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive:—

(i.) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June," 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bour-

* Except in the case of Act V. Sc. iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. "*Exeunt*" is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs:—'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state,' etc.

† The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act. V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act. IV. Sc. i.

bage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

(ii.) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2nd, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,*

* *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII.*, ll. 9, 18, 21:—

'May here find truth.'

. . . . . .

'To rank our chosen truth with such a show.'

. . . . . .

'To make that only true we now intend.'

The second name of the play may very well have been a counterblast to the title of Rowley's Chronicle History of *Henry 8th*, *"When you see me, you know me"* and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, *"If you know not me, you know no body."* It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII.* refer to Rowley's play, 'the merry bawdy play,' with its 'fool and fight,' and its 'abuse of the city.'

'When you see Me,' was certainly 'the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII.' entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (-5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was reissued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"That some by stenography drew
The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, *the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, *"written by W. S."*

We know from Henslowe's Diary that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, *"The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,"* by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and *'Cardinal Wolsey,'* by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th.* . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,* some of the paper, and other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii.) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12th, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theatre, 'which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play).'

(iv.) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was 'filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the 8.'

(v.) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration vpon Vulcan*, refers to 'that cruel stratagem against the Globe.'

'The fort of the whole parish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!' †

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external

* *Vide* Act I. Sc. iv. 44-51, with stage direction:—*'Chambers discharged.'*

† There were also several 'lamentable ballads' on the event; one of them, *if genuine,* is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza:—

"O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!
And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant:—

"Away ran Lady Catherine,
Nor waited out her trial."

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage.*) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that *'the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condye,'* and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

evidence, and to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII.* The panegyric on James I., with its probable reference (V. v. 51-3) to the first settlement of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612* (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, which took place on 14th February, 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i.) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii.) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death-scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.† Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was 'to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James.' ‡

At all events, no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale*; Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens" §; and indeed the general

* A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

† *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e.g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

‡ *New Illustrations to Shakespeare*, II. 101.

§ *v.* Mrs. Jameson's comparative study of the two characters, and her enthusiastic appreciation of Katharine as "the triumph of Shakespeare's genius and his wisdom."

characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearian scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII.* 'the last heir' of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." * But the magical touch is not found throughout the play.

Authorship of the Play. As early as 1758, in Edward's *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of *Henry VIII.*:—(i.) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of the line; (ii.) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii.) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the metre. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr. Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out 'by a man of first-rate judgement on such a point' (viz., the late Lord Tennyson),

* *"Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII?"* (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1850); "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," 1874.

that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of Fletcher. Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, metre, and subtler æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I. Sc. i., ii.; Act II. Sc. iii., iv.; Act III. Sc. ii. (to exit of the King); Act V. Sc. i., and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).*

Shakespeare's original design was probably 'a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church.' He had carried out his idea as far as Act III., when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth); the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, 'by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence'; a splendid 'historical masque or show-play' was the result.†

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII.* are now generally accepted;‡ they were immediately confirmed by Mr. S.

* *N. B.*—Wolsey's famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher's share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad Lover*; they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

† The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. Sc. ii.; compare *Pericles*, V. ii.; *Cymbeline*, V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearian. The Masque in the *Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr. Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burnt at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to re-write this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide* Shakespeare Manual, p. 171).

‡ Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a

Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II. p. 198; III. p. 33), and later on by Mr. Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.*

The Sources. There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i.) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548), (ii.) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii.) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv.) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

Chronology of the Play. Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether capricious, as will be seen from

divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880-5, there is a paper by Mr. Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearian play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

* These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr. Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 331) states emphatically:—"The fact that in *Henry VIII.*, and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions *are formed to this rule* (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	FLETCHER.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (*accidental*)	10	

the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—*

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1522. March. War declared with France.
May-July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
1521. April 16th. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
May 17th. His Execution.
1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529. } Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1533. }
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal.
Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30th. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.
May 23rd. Nullity of the marriage with Katharine declared.
1530. November 29th. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1st. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8th. Death of Queen Katharine.
1533. September 7th. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

* *Vide* P. A. Daniel's Time Analysis, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79; *cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

Duration of Action. From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—*Day* 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval. Day* 2, Act II. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day* 7, Act V. Sc. i.-iv.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Soon after the return of the English court from the Field of the Cloth of Gold the Duke of Buckingham has the misfortune to embroil himself with Cardinal Wolsey, chancellor to Henry VIII. The cardinal suborns some discontented servants of the duke to accuse their master of treasonable purposes; Wolsey's desire to work Buckingham's downfall probably being strengthened to jealousy of his power.

Wolsey gives a great supper to the court, which is attended by the King and his lords masked. Henry is greatly attracted by the beauty of Anne Bullen, a maid of honour.

II. Buckingham is brought to trial, convicted of high treason and led to execution.

The charms of Anne Bullen awaken in the King a long dormant scruple of conscience regarding the legality of his marriage with Katharine, the widow of his deceased brother. He resolves to divorce the Queen and calls her to public trial. She attends, but refuses to submit to the court. She will not accept Wolsey for judge, and appeals to the pope.

III. The cardinal, now seeing the drift of Henry's purpose, and dismayed at the prospect of his union with a Protestant, takes the side of Queen Katharine and sends private instructions to the papal court that her divorce may be delayed. But the Queen still mistrusts him for her enemy. The King meanwhile becoming im-

patient at Rome's delay, takes matters into his own hands, puts away Queen Katharine, and secretly espouses Anne Bullen. At this juncture he by chance gains possession of the cardinal's papers—the letter to the pope, and inventory of the chancellor's enormous wealth. The enraged monarch deprives Wolsey of his civil offices, and the fallen favourite is saved from a charge of high treason only by the interposition of death.

IV. The divorced Queen Katharine shortly follows Wolsey to the grave. Anne Bullen is publicly crowned as Queen amid much ceremony, being anointed by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

V. After Wolsey's death Cranmer enjoys a great share of the King's favour. This arouses the jealousy of powerful nobles, who form a conspiracy against the prelate. He is brought to trial and threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, when the opportune arrival of Henry himself enables him to triumph over his rivals. Cranmer evinces his gratitude for the royal friendship by taking part in the christening of Queen Anne's infant daughter, Elizabeth, for whom he prophesies a career of great splendour.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Henry and Anne.

Shakspeare has, it is true, not spared Henry's character: he appears everywhere as the obstinate, capricious, selfish and heartless man that he was—a slave to his favourites and to his passions. That Shakspeare has not *expressly* described him as such, that he has rather characterised him tacitly through his own actions, and no doubt sedulously pushed his good points into the foreground, could not—without injustice—have been expected otherwise from a national poet who wrote in the reign of Henry's daughter, the universally honoured

Elizabeth. Further, that he does not describe Anne Boleyn exactly as she was—she who, indeed, at first rejected Henry's advances, but afterwards lived with him in adultery for three years—is also excusable, seeing that she was Elizabeth's mother, and her doings had not in Shakspeare's time been fully disclosed, at all events they were not publicly narrated in the chronicles and popular histories.

Some inaccuracies may be left out of consideration; for instance, that the opinions expressed by the most eminent theologians in regard to Henry's divorce were not in his favour, and that Thomas Cranmer was not quite the noble, amiable Christian character he is here represented. These are secondary circumstances which the poet was free to dispose of as he pleased. But one point, where he certainly is open to censure, is, that he has not given us a *full* and *complete* account of the lives of Henry and Anne, but simply a portion of their history; the representation therefore becomes untrue from an *ideal* point of view as well. Not only does this offend the justice which proceeds from human thought, but it likewise offends poetical justice. Moreover, it is opposed to the true and actual justice of history when a man like Henry—the slave to his selfish caprice, lusts and passions, the play-ball in the hands of such a favourite as the ambitious, revengeful, intriguing Wolsey—a man who condemns the Duke of Buckingham to death without cause or justice, and who for his own low, sensual desires repudiates his amiable, pious, and most noble consort, whose only fault is a pardonable pride in her true majesty—when, I repeat, such a man is rewarded for his heavy transgressions with the hand of the woman he loves and by the birth of a fortunate child; and again, when we see Anne Boleyn—who even in the drama seems burdened with a grievous sin, inasmuch as she forces herself into the place belonging to the unjustly banished Queen—leave the stage simply as the happy, extolled mother of such a child, and in the full enjoy-

ment of her unlawful possession. This is *not* the course taken by *history*. We know, and it was always well known, that Henry died while still in the prime of life and after much suffering, in consequence of his excessive dissipations—a wreck in body as well as in mind; we know, and it can never have been a secret, that Anne, after a short period of happiness, and not altogether unjustly, ended her frivolous life in prison, into which she was thrown at her own husband's command.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

III.

The Delineation of Anne.

In the brief but searching delineation of Anne Boleyn there is drawn together the essence of a long history. With little or nothing in her of a substantive or positive nature one way or the other; with scarce any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she is notwithstanding rather an amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vain pomps and fripperies of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly and pitiful heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently flattered and elated by those royal benevolences, which to any just sensibility of honour would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good Queen; but her pity goes altogether on false grounds; and she shows by the very terms of it her eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the Queen is about to lose. She strikes infinitely below the true grounds and sources of Katharine's noble sorrow, and that in such a way as to indicate her utter inability to reach or conceive them; and thus serves to set off and enhance the deep and solid character of her whose soul truth is not so much a quality, as it is the very substance and essential

form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from any acuteness of strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the crooked policy and duplicity which are playing their engines about her. For, as Mrs. Jameson justly observes, this thorough honesty and integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as hard to be deceived, as it is incapable of deceiving. We can well imagine, that with those of the Poet's audience who had any knowledge of English history, and many of them no doubt had much, the delineation of Anne, broken off, as it is, at the height of her fortune, must needs have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Katharine's place, soon afterwards drew on herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse than had overtaken those on whose ruins she had risen.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Katharine.

Katharine is at first introduced as pleading before the king in behalf of the commonalty, who had been driven by the extortions of Wolsey into some illegal excesses. In this scene, which is true to history, we have her upright reasoning mind, her steadiness of purpose, her piety and benevolence, placed in a strong light. The unshrinking dignity with which she opposes without descending to brave the cardinal, the stern rebuke addressed to the Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, are finely characteristic; and by thus exhibiting Katharine as invested with all her conjugal rights and influence, and royal state, the subsequent situations are rendered more impressive. She is placed in the first instance on such a height in our esteem and reverence, that in the midst of her abandonment and degradation, and the pro-

found pity she afterwards inspires, the first effect remains unimpaired, and she never falls beneath it.

In the beginning of the second act we are prepared for the proceedings of the divorce, and our respect for Katharine heightened by the general sympathy for "the good queen," as she is expressively entitled, and by the following beautiful eulogium on her character uttered by the Duke of Norfolk:—

> He [Wolsey] counsels a divorce; a loss of her
> That like a jewel has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
> Of her that loves him with that excellence
> That angels love good men with; even of her
> That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
> Will bless the king.

. . . . . .

We are told by Cavendish, that when Wolsey and Campeggio visited the queen by the king's order she was found at work among her women, and came forth to meet the cardinals with a skein of white thread hanging about her neck; that when Wolsey addressed her in Latin, she interrupted him, saying, "Nay, good my lord, speak to me in English, I beseech you; although I understand Latin." "Forsooth then," quoth my lord, "madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace." "My lords, I thank you then," quoth she, "of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be. I had need of good counsel in this case, which

toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishmen counsel, or be friendly unto me, against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel, in whom I do intend to put my trust, they be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas! my lords, I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel, here in a foreign region; and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear."

It appears, also, that when the Archbishop of York and Bishop Tunstall waited on her at her house near Huntingdon, with the sentence of the divorce, signed by Henry, and confirmed by an act of Parliament, she refused to admit its validity, she being Henry's wife, and not his subject. The bishop describes her conduct in his letter: "She being therewith in great choler and agony, and always interrupting our words, declared that she would never leave the name of queen, but would persist in accounting herself the king's wife till death." When the official letter containing minutes of their conference was shown to her, she seized a pen and dashed it angrily across every sentence in which she was styled *Princess-dowager.*

If now we turn to that inimitable scene between Katharine and the two cardinals (III. i.), we shall observe how finely Shakespeare has condensed these incidents, and unfolded to us all the workings of Katharine's proud yet feminine nature. She is discovered at work with some of her women—she calls for music to soothe "her soul grown sad with troubles"—then follows the little song, of which the sentiment is so well adapted to the occasion, while its quaint yet classic elegance breathes

the very spirit of those times when Surrey loved and sung:—

> Orpheus with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves, when he did sing:
> To his music plants and flowers
> Ever sprung, as sun and showers
> There had made a lasting spring.
>
> Every thing that heard him play,
> Even the billows of the sea,
> Hung their heads, and then lay by.
> In sweet music is such art,
> Killing care and grief of heart
> Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

They are interrupted by the arrival of the two cardinals. Katharine's perception of their subtlety—her suspicion of their purpose—her sense of her own weakness and inability to contend with them, and her mild subdued dignity, are beautifully represented; as also the guarded self-command with which she eludes giving a definitive answer; but when they counsel her to that which she, who knows Henry, feels must end in her ruin, then the native temper is roused at once, or, to use Tunstall's expression, "the choler and the agony," burst forth in words:—

> *Queen Katharine.* Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
> Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
> That no king can corrupt.
> *Campeius.* Your rage mistakes us.
> *Queen Katharine.* The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
> Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
> But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
> Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort,
> The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?

With the same force of language, and impetuous yet dignified feeling, she asserts her own conjugal truth and merit, and insists upon her rights:—

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords, . . .
. . . . . .
My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

And this burst of unwonted passion is immediately followed by the natural reaction; it subsides into tears, dejection, and a mournful self-compassion:—

Would I had never trod this English ground,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allowed me; like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.

Dr. Johnson observes on this scene, that all Katharine's distresses could not save her from a quibble on the word *cardinal.*

Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye!

When we read this passage in connection with the situation and sentiment, the scornful play upon the words is not only appropriate and natural, it seems inevitable.

Katharine, assuredly, is neither an imaginative nor a witty personage; but we all acknowledge the truism that anger inspires wit, and whenever there is passion there is poetry. In the instance just alluded to, the sarcasm springs naturally out from the bitter indignation of the moment. In her grand rebuke of Wolsey, in the trial scene, how just and beautiful is the gradual elevation of her language, till it rises into that magnificent image—

> You have by fortune and his highness' favours,
> Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted,
> Where powers are your retainers, . . .

In the depth of her affliction, the pathos as naturally clothes itself in poetry.

> Like the lily,
> That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
> I 'll hang my head and perish.

But these, I believe, are the only instances of imagery throughout; for, in general, her language is plain and energetic. It has the strength and simplicity of her character, with very little metaphor and less wit.

In approaching the last scene of Katharine's life, I feel as if about to tread within a sanctuary where nothing befits us but silence and tears; veneration so strives with compassion, tenderness with awe.

We must suppose a long interval to have elapsed since Katharine's interview with the two cardinals. Wolsey was disgraced, and poor Anna Bullen at the height of her short-lived prosperity. It was Wolsey's fate to be detested by both queens. In the pursuance of his own selfish and ambitious designs, he had treated both with perfidy; and one was the remote, the other the immediate cause of his ruin.

The ruffian king, of whom one hates to think, was bent on forcing Katharine to concede her rights, and illegitimize her daughter, in favour of the offspring of

Anna Bullen: she steadily refused, was declared contumacious, and the sentence of divorce pronounced in 1533. Such of her attendants as persisted in paying her the honours due to a queen were driven from her household; those who consented to serve her as princess-dowager, she refused to admit into her presence; so that she remained unattended, except by a few women, and her gentleman usher, Griffith. During the last eighteen months of her life she resided at Kimbolton. Her nephew, Charles V., had offered here an asylum and princely treatment; but Katharine, broken in heart, and declining in health, was unwilling to drag the spectacle of her misery and degradation into a strange country: she pined in her loneliness, deprived of her daughter, receiving no consolation from the pope, and no redress from the emperor. Wounded pride, wronged affection, and a cankering jealousy of the woman preferred to her (which, though it never broke out into unseemly words, is enumerated as one of the causes of her death), at length wore out a feeble frame. . . .

What the historian relates, Shakespeare realizes. On the wonderful beauty of Katharine's closing scene we need not dwell, for that requires no illustration. In transferring the sentiments of her letter to her lips, Shakespeare has given them added grace, and pathos, and tenderness, without injuring their truth and simplicity: the feelings, and almost the manner of expression, are Katharine's own. The severe justice with which she draws the character of Wolsey is extremely characteristic; the benign candour with which she listens to the praise of him "whom living she most hated," is not less so. How beautiful her religious enthusiasm!—the slumber which visits her pillow, as she listens to that sad music she called her knell; her awakening from the vision of celestial joy to find herself still on earth—

> Spirits of peace! where are ye? Are ye all gone,
> And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?—

how unspeakably beautiful! And to consummate all in one final touch of truth and nature, we see that consciousness of her own worth and integrity which had sustained her through all her trials of heart, and that pride of station for which she had contended through long years—which had become more dear by opposition, and by the perseverance with which she had asserted it—remaining the last strong feeling upon her mind, to the very last hour of existence.

> When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honour: strew me over
> With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
> I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
> Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
> A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
> I can no more.

In the epilogue to this play it is recommended to

> The merciful construction of good women,
> For *such a one* we show'd 'em:

alluding to the character of Queen Katharine. Shakespeare has, in fact, placed before us a queen and a heroine, who in the first place, and above all, is a *good* woman; and I repeat, that in doing so, and in trusting for all his effect to truth and virtue, he has given a sublime proof of his genius and his wisdom;—for which, among many other obligations, we women remain his debtors.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

What, then, chiefly interested the dramatist in this designed and partly accomplished *Henry VIII.*? The presence of a noble sufferer—one who was grievously wronged, and who, by a plain loyalty to what is faithful and true, by a disinterestedness of soul and enduring magnanimity, passes out of all passion and personal resentment into the reality of things, in which much, in-

deed, of pain remains, but no ignoble wrath or shallow bitterness of heart. Her earnest endeavour for the welfare of her English subjects is made with fearless and calm persistence in the face of Wolsey's opposition. It is integrity and freedom from self-regard set over against guile and power and pride. In her trial scene, the indignation of Katharine flashes forth against the cardinal, but is an indignation which unswervingly progresses towards and penetrates into the truth.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

In spite of the great virtues which I have to acknowledge in her, I have an insurmountable dislike to this princess. As a married woman she was a pattern of social fidelity. As a queen she was most majestic and dignified. As a Christian she was virtue personified. But she inspired Dr. Samuel Johnson with a voice to sing her highest praise, and of all the women described by Shakespeare she is his special favourite. He mentions her with tender pathos . . . and this is insufferable. Shakespeare did his best to idealize the good woman but this is in vain, when we perceive that . . . Dr. Johnson is overcome by tender delight at her sight and runs over in her praise. Were she my wife I could make such praise a ground of separation.

HEINE: *Notes on Shakespeare Heroines.*

V.

Wolsey.

Opposed to Buckingham, but still more accomplished with the new arts in vogue, and with a tongue still more persuasive, is the magnificent arrogance of the all-performing Wolsey. He is the type of the advancing Commons as sprung from their very depths; but he has taken such a start ahead of them as to be willing to forget

and to aid in oppressing, his own original order. He has the upstart's not unprovoked hatred of the hereditary nobility, and the upstart's neglect also of the class he has quitted. The tendency of the age is to advance him, and tempting circumstances and a nature that can be dazzled and misled, carry him on by ways too often unholy to a perilous height. Assentation and convenience to royalty brings on such gigantic success that he makes the usual mistake of his position and dreams of independence. The first manifest proof of falsehood for his own ends in a service that every truth disowned, ensures his ruin, and the double herds of vulgar, the select and the numberless, blacken him in his descent, and exult in his overthrow with a temper that would put the best cause in the wrong.

Wolsey is Shakespeare's most elaborate picture, and he has many, of the arrogant, scheming and unchristian churchman. The strongest lines mark his duplicity of act and word, his envy, malice and pitilessness against Buckingham, Katharine, Pace or Bullen—the dim-burning light that with off-hand severity he would snuff out; and yet so soon as his own ruin explodes he turns upon those who triumph in his fall, some like Surrey not without good excuse, and taxes them indignantly with envy and malice—their ignorance of truth—he who so often had profaned his gift of ingratiating language to betray—with shameful want of manners, thus imputing the faults with which he of all others is most chargeable. Yet strange to say in all this seeming impudent self-assertion he is already becoming more truthful. His defencelessness comes bitterly home to him, and he grasps about wildly and eagerly for those weapons and the armour that would bestead him in such need; and as he vainly searches in his soul for the resources he has forfeited he becomes conscious of his past and irreparable improvidence. Relieved from the obstructions of place and power, he soon sees with clear eye from what quarter might have come entire protection against, or

compensation for any danger, and any insult and fall. The very features of the vices he has been practising are reflected before him in the exultation of the enemies who have leapt into his position, and with sudden pang he notes and hates their despicableness in himself. Such is the process of the purification of his mind, and the sign of it is that the taunts of the nobles have their effect in composing his mind rather than agitating or irritating it. In a bright outburst of moral enlightenment we note the refreshment and very rejuvenescence of the soul, which Shakespeare is our warrant may truly come over the corrupt—the criminal. No repentance will ever undo and reverse the full consequence of wrong, for the better life of the man may sigh as vainly to recover the misused capacities and opportunities of youth and boyhood as their lost hours; yet is not the great Order merciless, nor are they dreamers and deceivers of the fanatical who tell that it remains for the wrong-doer—who shall set a limit and say how heinously guilty—to arrive by whatever providential process at a newness of heart that places him in completest opposition to his former self.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Divided Against Itself.

The effect of the play as a whole is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . I know no other play in Shakespeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of

events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—'*Be sad, as we would make you*'—the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity:—

> This day, no man think
> Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
> This little one shall make it holiday.

SPEDDING: *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1850.

No doubt the nature of the subject imposed enormous difficulties on an Elizabethan dramatist. To render with imaginative sympathy the moving story of the divorce, and yet to remember that the glory of his own time had flowered from that malign plant, was to be under a continual provocation to the conflict of interests which the play, as we see, has not escaped. Regarded near by, the divorce of Katharine was a pitiful tragedy; regarded in retrospect it seemed big with the destinies of England. Yet the earlier Histories had presented a parallel difficulty without involving a parallel failure. The glories of Henry V. like those of Elizabeth were rooted in a crime, but no such rent yawns across the tragedy of *Richard II.* as that which so fatally divides *Henry VIII.* against itself. After making all allowance for such ob-

stacles, it remains true that the total effect of the drama is insignificant in proportion to the splendour of detail and the superb power of single scenes. Nothing more damning can be said of any play, and nothing like it can be said of any play which is wholly Shakespeare's work. Hence, in point simply of dramatic quality, the play justifies a suspicion that it is not entirely Shakespeare's work.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Eighth.*
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Doorkeeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see

The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where 's his examination?
First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the renching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Abergavenny*]
The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the king's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for

There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take

From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? 150

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'That oft,' says he, 160
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke 170
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I 'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he 's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company

Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Henry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you 're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You 're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All rise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I 'll make
My royal choice.

King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady 's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. **Whither away so fast?**

Sec. Gent. **O, God save ye!**
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. **I 'll save you**
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony.

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premises but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,

For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An ante-chamber in the palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwise: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who 's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I 'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you:
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches.
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds,

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!

No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mo thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from

the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life

And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,

And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,

And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*]
Read o'er this;
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? 'To the Pope!'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself,
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—

I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law;
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else.

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission

To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing. Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand as high-*

steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who 's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
First Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master
O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her Gentleman-Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led 'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same

order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame, Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon; My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O, my lord, The times and titles now are alter'd strangely With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 'Tis like a pardon after execution: That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me; But now I am past all comforts here but prayers. How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers,
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.
King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight—

King. What 's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on 't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I 'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? 140
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'

Port. I shall be with you, presently, good master puppy.
Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great

tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,

are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry ' That 's witty! '
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear.
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

Glossary.

Abergavenny (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.

Abhor, protest strongly against (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor,* but Holinshed has *"Abhor, refuse, and forsake"*); II. iv. 81.

Aboded, foreboded; I. i. 93.

Admit, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.

Advertise, inform; II. iv. 178.

Advised; "be a.," be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.

After, afterwards; III. ii. 202.

Alike; "things known a.," *i.e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.

Allay, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.

Allegiant, loyal; III. ii. 176.

Allow'd, approved; I. ii. 83.

An, if; III. ii. 375.

Anon, presently; I. ii. 107.

A-pieces, in pieces; V. iv. 80.

Appliance, application, cure; I. i. 124.

Approve, confirm (Collier MS., "*improve*"); II. iii. 74.

Arrogancy, arrogance (Folio 1, *"Arrogancie"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"Arrogance"*); II. iv. 110.

As, as if; I. i. 10.

Asher-house; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.

At, with; V. i. 131.

Attach, arrest; I. i. 217.

——, seized; I. i. 95.

Attainder, disgrace (Folios 1, 2, *"Attendure"*; Folios 3, 4, *"Attaindure"*); II. i. 41.

Avaunt; "give her the a.," bid her begone; II. iii. 10.

Avoid, quit, leave; V. i. 86.

Baiting, drinking heavily; V. iv. 85.

Banquet, dessert; "running b.," *i.e.* hasty refreshment; used figuratively; I. iv. 12.

Bar, prevent; III. ii. 17.

Beholding, beholden; I. iv. 41.

Beneficial, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i.e.* the King; I. i. 56.

Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.

Beside, besides; Prol. 19.

Bevis; alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valour; he con-

quered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.

Bevy, company of ladies (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4.

Blister'd, slashed, puffed (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*blistred*"; Folio 4, "*bolstred*"); I. iii. 31.

'*Tall stockings, short-blister'd breeches.*'
From an old French print representing a courtier of the time of Francis I.

Blow us, blow us up; V. iv. 48.

Bombards, large leathern vessels to carry liquors; V. iv. 85.

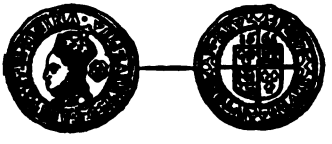
Book, learning (Collier MS., "*brood*"; Lettsom conj. "*brat*"); I. i. 122.

Bootless, useless; II. iv. 61.

Bores, undermines, overreaches (Becket conj. "*bords*"); I. i. 128.

Bosom up, inclose in your heart; I. i. 112.

Bow'd; "a three-pence b.," *i.e.* bent; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin"; II. iii. 36. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From an original specimen

Brake, thicket; I. ii. 75.

Brasier, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace; V. iv. 42.

Broken with, broached the subject to; V. i. 47.

Broomstaff, broomstaff's length; V. iv. 58.

Buzzing, whisper; II. i. 148.

By day and night! an exclamation; an oath; I. ii. 213.

Camlet, a light woollen stuff originally made of camel's hair (Folios, "*Chamblet*"); V. iv. 93.

Capable of, susceptible to the temptations of; V. iii. 11.

Cardinal (dissyllabic; Folio 1, "*Cardnall*"); II. ii. 97.

Carried, carried out, managed; I. i. 100.

Caution, warning; II. iv. 186.

Censure, judgement; I. i. 33.

Certain, certainly; II. iv. 71.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 48.
Chafed, angry, enraged (Folios 1, 2, "*chaff'd*"); I. i. 123.
Challenge, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person; II. iv. 77.
Chambers, small cannon discharged on festal occasions; I. iv. 49.
Cherubins, cherubs; I. i. 23.
Cheveril, kid-skin, used adjectively; II. iii. 32.
Chiding, noisy, clamorous; III. ii. 197.
Chine, joint of beef (Collier MS., "*queen*"); V. iv. 26.
Churchman, ecclesiastic; I. iii. 55.
Cited, summoned to appear; IV. i. 29.
Clerks, clergy; II. ii. 92.
Clinquant, glittering with gold or silver lace; I. i. 19.
Clotharius, one of the Merovingian kings of France; taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
Clubs! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices; V. iv. 53.

Coasts, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast; III. ii. 38.
Colbrand, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick; V. iv. 22.
Cold, coldness (Collier MS., "*coldness*"; S. Walker, "*colour*"); IV. ii. 98.
Colour, pretext; I. i. 178.
Come off, get out, escape; III. ii. 23.
Commends, delivers; II. iii. 61.
Commissions, warrants; I. ii. 20.
Compell'd, thrust upon one, unsought; II. iii. 87.
Complete, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
Conceit, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
Conceive, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
Conclave; "the holy c.," *i.e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
Confederacy, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
Confident; "I am c.," I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
Conjunction; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
Consulting; "not c.," *i.e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
Contrary, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
Convented, convened, summoned (Johnson, "*convened*"); V. i. 52.
Cope; "to c.," of encountering; I. ii. 78.
Covent, convent; IV. ii. 19.
Crab-tree, crab apple tree; V. iv. 8.
Credit, reputation; III. ii. 265.

Cum privilegio, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
Cure, curacy; I. iv. 33.

Dare, make to cower in fear (*v.* Note); III. ii. 282.
Dear, dearly; II. ii. 111.
Deliver, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
Demure, solemn; I. ii. 167.
Derived, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
Desperate, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
Did (*v.* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Difference, dissension; I. i. 101.
Discerner, critic; I. i. 32.
Discovers, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
Disposed, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
Due; "due o' the verdict," right verdict (Folios 1, 2, "*dew*"); V. i. 131.
Dunstable, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.

Easy roads, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
Element, component part; I. i. 48.
Emballing, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
Embracement, embrace; I. i. 10.
End; "the e.," at the bottom (Long MS., "*at the end*"); II. i. 40.
Envy, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
Equal, impartial; II. ii. 108.
Estate, state; II. ii. 70.
Even, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
Ever; "not e.," *i.e.* not always; V. i. 129.
Exclamation, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
Exhalation, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.

Fail, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
Fail'd, died; I. ii. 184.
Faints, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
Faith, fidelity; II. i. 145.
Father, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
Fearful, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.
Fellow, equal; I. iii. 41.
Fellows, comrades; II. i. 73.
Fierce, excessive; I. i. 54.
File, list; I. i. 75.
Filed with, kept pace with (Folios, "*fill'd*"); III. ii. 171.
Fine hand, nice business; V. iv. 74.
Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor, will o' the wisp; V. iv. 45.
Fit; "fit o' the face," grimace; I. iii. 7.
Fit, suitable; II. ii. 117.
Flaw'd, broken; I. i. 95; made rents in, wrought damage; I. ii. 21.
Fool and feather; alluding to the grotesque plume of feathers in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25. *Cp.* the accompanying illustration from a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.

For, as for; II. ii. 50.
Force, urge; III. ii. 2.
Foreign man, one employed in foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
Forged, framed, planned; I. ii. 181.
Forty hours, used for an indefinite time; III. ii. 253.
Forty pence, a sum commonly used for a trifling wager; II. iii. 89.
Frame, plan; I. ii. 44.
Free, freely; II. i. 82.
Free of, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
Fret, eat away; III. ii. 105.
From, of; III. ii. 268.
Front, am in the front rank; I. ii. 42.
Fullers, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
Furnish'd, suitably appointed, arranged; II. ii. 141.
Gainsay, deny; II. iv. 96.
Gait, walk (Folios, "*gate*"); III. ii. 116.
Gall'd, wounded; III. ii. 207.
Gap, passage; V. i. 36.
Gaping, bawling, shouting; V. iv. 3.
Gave; "My mind g. me," *i.e.* gave me to understand, I had a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
Gavest, didst impute to; III. ii. 262.
Gives way, makes way, gives opportunity; III. ii. 16.
Gladded, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
Gladding, gladdening; V. i. 71.
Glistering, glistening, shining; II. iii. 21.
Gloss; "painted g.," highly coloured comment, rhetorical flourish; V. iii. 71.
Go about, intend to do; I. i. 131.
Going out, expedition; I. i. 73.
Good, goodness (? wealth; or, good man), merit (Johnson conj. "*ground*"); V. i. 22 (*vide* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Gossips, sponsors; V. v. 12.
Government, self-control; II. iv. 138.
Grief, grievance; I. ii. 56.
Grosser, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
Guarded, trimmed, ornamented; Prol. 16.
Guy, the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, the hero of the old romances; V. iv. 22.

Hall; "the hall," *i.e.* Westminster Hall; II. i. 2.

Happiest; "h. hearers," *i.e.* best disposed, most favourable; Prol. 24.
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 10.
Hardly, harshly, unfavourably; I. ii. 105.
Hard-ruled, not easily managed; III. ii. 101.
Have-at-him, attack, thrust (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.
Have at you; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.
Having, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.
He, man; V. iii. 131.
Heart; "the best h.," the very essence, core; I. ii. 1.
Hedges, creeps along by hedgerows (Warburton, "*edges*"); III. ii. 39.
Height; "to the h.," in the highest degree; I. ii. 214.
Held, i.e. have it acknowledged; I. iii. 47.
——, did hold good; II. i. 149.
Hire (dissyllabic); II. iii. 36.
Holidame; "by my h.," an oath (Folios, "*holydame*"; Rowe, "*holy Dame*"); V. i. 116.
Hours (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.
Hulling, floating to and fro; II. iv. 199.
Husband; "an ill h.," a bad economist or manager; III. ii. 142.

In, concerning; II. iv. 103.
Incensed, incited, made to believe (Nares, "*insens'd, i.e.* informed); V. i. 43.
Indifferent, impartial, unbiased; II. iv. 17.
Indurance, durance, imprisonment; V. i. 121.
Innumerable; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure (Hanmer, "*i. sums*"); III. ii. 326.
Interpreters; "sick i.," prejudiced critics; I. ii. 82.
Issues, sons; III. ii. 291.
Item, again, further; used in enumeration; III. ii. 320.
Its, its own (Folios, "*it's*"); I. i. 18.

Jaded, treated like jades, spurned; III. ii. 280.
Justify, confirm, ratify; I. ii. 6.

Keech, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son (Folio 4, "*Ketch*"); I. i. 55.
Kimbolton, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester (Folios 1, 2, "*Kymmalton*" probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.
Knock it, beat time; I. iv. 108.

Lag end, latter end; I. iii. 35.
Large commission, warrant exercising full power; III. ii. 320.

Late, "lately considered valid"; IV. i. 33.
Lay, resided, dwelt; IV. i. 28.
Lay by the heels, put in the stocks; V. iv. 83.
Lay upon, charge, impute; III. ii. 265.
Learnedly, like one learned in the law; II. i. 28.
Leave, leave off, desist; IV. ii. 94.
Legatine, pertaining to a legate (Folio 1, "*Legatiue*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Legantive*"; Folio 4, "*Legantine*"); III. ii. 339.
Leisure, time at one's own disposal; (Collier MS., "*labour*"); III. ii. 140.
Let; "let him be," even though he be; IV. ii. 146.
Letters-patents (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentes*), letters patent; III. ii. 250.
Level, aim; I. ii. 2.
Like it, may it please; I. i. 100.
Limbo Patrum, prison; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell; V. iv. 68.
Line, equator; V. iv. 44.
List, pleases; II. ii. 22.
Little; "in a l.," in few words, briefly; II. i. 11.
'Longing, belonging (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*longing*"; Folio 4, "*'longing*"); I. ii. 32.
Look for, expect; V. iv. 10.
Loose, free of speech; II. i. 127.
Lop, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.
Lose, forget; II. i. 57.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.
Main, general; IV. i. 31.
Makings; "royal m.," ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.
Manage, training; V. iii. 24.
Mark, a coin worth 1 3/4; V. i. 170.
Marshalsea, the well-known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 90.
May, can; I. ii. 200.
May-day morning; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 15.
Mazed, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.
Mean, means; V. iii. 146.
Measure, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.
Memorized, made memorable; III. ii. 52.
Mere, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.
Mincing, affectation; II. iii. 31.
Mind, memory; III. ii. 138

Minds, "their royal m.," their devotion to the king (Pope, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 8.
Mistaken, misjudged; I. i. 195.
Mistakes, misunderstands; III. i. 101.
Mo, more; II. iii. 97.
Model, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.
Modest, moderate; V. iii. 69.
Modesty, moderation; IV. ii. 74.
Moiety, half; I. ii. 12.
Moorfields, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 33.
Motions, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.
Mounting, raising on high; I. ii. 205.
Mounts, makes to mount; I. i. 144.
Music, musicians; IV. ii. 94.
Mysteries, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.

Naughty, wicked; V. i. 138.
New-trimm'd, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.
Noised, rumoured, reported; I. ii. 105.
Note, notice; "gives n.," proclaims, I. i. 63; information, I. ii. 48.
Noted, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.
Nothing, not at all; V. i. 125.

O', off from; V. iv. 93.
Objections, accusations; III. ii. 307.
Offer, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
Office; "the o.," *i.e.* the officers (Roderick conj. "*each office*"); I. i. 44.
Omit, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
On, of; I. i. 94.
Once, at one time; I. ii. 82.
On's, of his; III. ii. 106.
Open; "in o.," openly, in public; III. ii. 404.
Opinion, reputation (*vide* Note); Prol. 20.
Opposing, placing face to face (Long MS., "*exposing*"); IV. i. 67.
Other, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
Outgo, go beyond, surpass; I. ii. 207.
Out of, except; III. ii. 13.
Outspeaks, exceeds; II. ii. 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value; I. i. 123.

Pace, put through their paces; V. iii. 22.
Pain, pains; III. ii. 72.
Painting; "as a p.," *i.e.* of the cheeks; I. i. 26.
Pales, palings, enclosure; V. iv. 94.
Panging, inflicting great pain; II. iii. 15.
Papers, sets down on the list (Campbell, "*the papers*"; Staunton conj. "*he paupers*"); (*vide* Note); I. i. 80.
Paragon'd, regarded as a model or pattern; II. iv. 230.
Parcels, parts, items; III. ii. 125.

Pared, diminished; III. ii. 159.

Paris-garden, the celebrated bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Parish Garden*"); V. iv. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Part away, depart; III. i. 97.

Parted, departed; IV. i. 92; shared V. ii. 28.

Particular, special ground; III. ii. 189.

Part of, in part, partly; III. i. 24.

Peck, pitch, fling (Johnson, "*pick*"); V. iv. 94.

Pepin, one of the Carlovingian Kings of France, taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.

Period; "his p.," the end he wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.

Perk'd up, made smart, dressed up; II. iii. 21.

Perniciously, hatefully, to the death; II. i. 50.

Phœnix; "maiden p.," so called because the bird was sexless and did not reproduce itself in the ordinary course of nature, but arose from its ashes; V. v. 40.

Pillars, the insignia of cardinals; II. iv. (stage direction).

Pinked, pierced with holes; V. iv. 50.

Pitch, height, dignity (Warburton, "*pinch*"; Theobald conj. "*batch*"); II. ii. 50.

Pity, subject for compassion; II. iii. 10.

Plain-song, simple melody, without variations; I. iii. 45.

Play; "make my play"; *i.e.* "win what I play for"; I. iv. 46.

Pluck off, abate from the rank; II. iii. 40.

Porringer, cap shaped like a porringer or porridge bowl; V. iv. 50. *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a Milan bonnet fashionable at this time.

A Pinked Porringer.
From a woodcut dated 1546.

Powers, people of highest power and authority; (Vaughan conj. "*peers*"); II. iv. 113.

Powle's, i.e. St. Paul's Cathedral (Folios 1, 2, "*Powles*"; Folio 3, "*Poule's*"; Folio 4, "*Pauls*"); V. iv. 16.

Practice, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.

Præmunire, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offence of introducing foreign authority into England (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.

Prayers (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.

Preferr'd, promoted; IV. i. 102.

Presence, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.

Present, present moment; V. iii. 9.

Present, immediate; I. ii. 211.

Press, crowd, mob (Folios 1, 2, "*preasse*"; Folio 3, "*preass*"); V. iv. 88.

Prime, first; III. ii. 162.

Primer, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.

Primero, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.

Private, alone; II. ii. 12.

Privily, privately; I. i. 183.

Privity, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.

Proof; "in p.," when brought to the test; I. i. 197.

Proper, fine (used ironically); I. i. 98.

Purse; "the p.," *i.e.* the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114-115.

Put off, dismissed, I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss, II. iv. 21.

Putter on, instigator; I. ii. 24.

Quality, nature; I. ii. 84.

Queen, play the queen; II. iii.

Raised head, levied an army; II. i. 108.

Range, rank; II. iii. 20.

Rankness, exuberance; IV. i. 59.

Rate, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.

Read, learn, take example (Collier conj. "*tread*"); V. v. 37.

Receipt, reception; "such r. of learning" = the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.

Renching (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.

Respect; "dear r.," *i.e.* intense regard; V. iii. 119.

Rub, obstacle, impediment (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.

Run in; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.

Saba, the queen of Sheba (the Vulgate "*Regina Saba*"); V. v. 23.

Sacring bell, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host (Rowe, Pope, "*scaring bell*"); III. ii. 295.

Salute, touch, affect, exhilarate (Collier MS., "*elate*"); II. iii. 103.

Saving, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.

Saw, "we s."; *i.e.* saw each other, met (Folios 3, 4, "*saw y'*"); I. i. 2.
Sectary, dissenter; V. iii. 70.
Seeming, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.
Sennet, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).
Set, sitting; III. i. 74.
Set on, set forward; II. iv. 241.
Shot; "loose s.," random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 59.
Shrewd, ill, ill-natured; V. iii. 178.
Shrouds, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.
Sick, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.
Sicken'd impaired (Theobald conj. "*slacken'd*"); I. i. 82.
Sign, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.
Silenced; "the ambassador is s.," *i.e.* "commanded to keep his house in silence" (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.
Single, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.
Slept upon, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.
Slightly, smoothly, rapidly (S. Walker conj. "*lightly*"); II. iv. 112.
Solicited, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 195.
Sometimes, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181.
Sooth, truth; II. iii. 30.
Sought, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.
Sound, proclaim; V. ii. 13.
Sounder, more loyal; III. ii. 274.
Spaniard; "the S.," *i.e.* the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.
Spann'd, measured, limited; I. i. 223.
Sparing, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.
Spavin, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.
Speak, bear witness, II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.
Spinsters, spinners; I. ii. 33.
Spleen, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.
Spleeny, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.
Spoil, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.
Springhalt, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.
Stand on, rely upon; V. i. 122.
State, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy, I. iv. (stage direction).
Staying, waiting; IV. ii. 105.
Still, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.
Stirs against, is active against (Collier MS., "*strives*"); V. iii. 39.
Stomach, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.
Stood to, sided with; II. iv. 86.
Strains, embraces; IV. i. 46.
Strove, striven; II. iv. 30.
Suddenly, immediately; V. iv. 83.

Sufferance, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.
Suggestion, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.
Suggests, incites; I. i. 164.

Tainted, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.
Take peace, make peace; II. i. 85.
Talker, a *mere* talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.
Tendance, attention; III. ii. 149.
Tender, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.
That, so that; I. i. 25.
This (Folio "*his*"); V. iii. 133.
Throughly, thoroughly; V. i. 110.
Tied, brought into a condition of bondage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Ty'de*"; Folio 4, "*Ty'd*": Hanmer, "*Tyth'd*"); IV. ii. 36.
Time, present state of things; V. i. 37.
To, against; III. ii. 92.
To be, as to be; III. i. 86.
Top-proud, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
Touch, hint; V. i. 13.
Trace, follow (Clark MS., "*grace*"); III. ii. 45.
Tract, course, process; I. i. 40.
Trade, beaten track (Warburton, "*tread*"); V. i. 36.
Trembling; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble (or, [?] makes us tremble); (Collier MS., "*trebling*"); I. ii. 95.
Trow, "I t.," I believe (Folios 1, 2, "*trod*"); I. i. 184.
Truncheoners, men with clubs or truncheons (Folios 3, 4, "*Truncheons*"); V. iv. 54.
Types, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.

Undertakes, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
Unhappily, unfavorably; I. iv. 89.
Unpartial, impartial; II. ii. 107.
Unwittingly, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
Use; "make u.," take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
Used myself, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.

Vacant, devoid, empty; V. i. 125.
Values; "not v.," is not worth; I. i. 88.
Virtue; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 179.
Voice, vote, I. ii. 70; rumour, general talk; III. ii. 405.
Voices; "free v.," candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
Vouch, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.

Wag, move; I. i. 33.

Was, "w. too far"; *i.e.* went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
Way, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
Ween, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
Weigh, value; V. i. 124.
Weigh out, outweigh; III. i. 88.
Well said, well done; I. iv. 30.
Whoever, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
Will, desire; I. ii. 13.
Will'd, desired; III. i. 18.
Wit, understanding; III. i. 72.
Withal, with; III. ii. 130.
Witness, testimony; V. i. 136.
Work, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 62.
Worship, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
Wot, know; III. ii. 122.

You, yourself; I. iv. 20.

Waterfront of the Palace at Bridewell.
(From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. 3. *'high and working'*; Staunton reads *'and high-working.'*

Prol. 12. *'shilling'*; the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.

Prol. 16. *'a long motley coat'*; the professional garb of a fool or jester.

Prol. 21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, *'that'* referring to *'opinion'* (= reputation); or as following directly on *'opinion,' i.e.* 'the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth.'

I. i. 6. *'Those suns of glory'*; *i.e.* Francis I., King of France, and Henry VIII., King of England; Folios 3, 4, read, *'sons.'*

I. i. 7. *'the vale of Andren. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.* Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the the two towns was the scene of the famous 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' *Cp.* illustration at end of Notes.

I. i. 63. Capell's reading of Folio 1, *'but spider-like, Out of his selfe-drawing web, O gives us note.'* Further, Capell and Rowe substituted *'self-drawn'* for *'self-drawing.'*

I. i. 79, 80. *'The honourable . . . out, . . . him in he papers'*; Folios 1, 2, read *'The Councell, out . . . him in, he papers,'* etc. Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i.e.* registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed; *e.g. 'the papers'*; *'he paupers.'*

I. i. 86. *'minister communication'*; Collier MS., *'the consummation'*; but the phrase is Holinshed's.

I. i. 90. *'the hideous storm'*; "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).

I. i. 115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham.

I. i. 120. *'venom-mouthed'*; Pope's reading; Folios read, *'venom'd-mouth'd.'*

I. i. 152. *'Whom from the flow of gall I name not,'* etc.; *i.e.* 'whom I mention, not because I am still angry,'; etc.

I. i. 167. *'renching'*; the Camb. ed. *'rinsing,'* Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading *'wrenching,'* which is evidently an error for *'renching,'* a provincial English cognate of *'rinse,'* both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse*, through the medium of French, *rench*, a direct borrowing (Collier MS., *'wrensing'*).

I. i. 172. *'count-cardinal'*; Pope proposed *'court-cardinal.'*

I. i. 176. *'Charles the Emperor,'* viz., Charles V., Emperor of Germany; Katharine was his mother's sister.

I. i. 200. *'Hereford'*; Capell's reading; Folios, *'Hertford.'*

I. i. 204, 206. The meaning of these unsatisfactory lines seems to be, as Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."

I. i. 211. *'Abergavenny'*; Folios, *'Aburgany,'* the usual pronunciation of the name.

I. i. 217. *'Montacute'*; Folios read, *'Mountacute'*; Rowe reads, *'Montague.'*

I. i. 219. *'chancellor'*; Theobald's correction; Folios 1, 2 read, *'Councellour.'*

I. i. 221. *'Nicholas Hopkins'*; Theobald's correction (from Holinshed) of Folios, *'Michaell'* (probably due to printer's confusion of *'Nich'* with *'Mich'*).

I. ii. 67. *'business'*; Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'baseness.'*

I. ii. 147. *'Henton'*; *i.e.* Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshed); there is no need to emend the text.

I. ii. 164. *'confession's seal'*; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Folios, *'commissions.'*

I. ii. 170. *'To gain'*; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, *'To'*; Collier MS. reads, *'To get'*; Grant White, *'To win.'*

I. ii. 179. *'for him'*; Capell's emendation of *'For this'* of the Folios; Collier MS. reads, *'From this'*; etc.

I. ii. 190. *'Bulmer'*; Folios read, *'Blumer'*; Pope, *'Blomer.'*

I. iii. 13. *'Or springhalt'*; Verplanck's (Collier conj.) emendation of Folios, *'A springhalt'*; Pope, *'And springhalt.'*

I. iii. 34. *'wear'*; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, *'wee'*; Anon. conj., *'oui.'*

I. iii. 59. *'has wherewithal'*; Folios, *'ha's,'* probably an error for *''has,' i.e. '(he) has.'*

I. iv. *'York Place.'* *Cp.* the annexed illustration.

From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Bird's-eye View of London* in 1543, now in the Sutherland collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

I. iv. 6. *'As, first, good company'*; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4 reads, *'As, first good company'*; Theobald, *'as, first-good company'*; Halliwell, *'as far as good company,'* etc.

II. i. 29. *'was either pitied in him or forgotten'*; *i.e.* "either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).

II. i. 54. *'Sir William Sands'*; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed) of Folio 1, *'Sir Walter Sands'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Walter Sands.'*

II. i. 86. *'mark'*; Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'make.'*

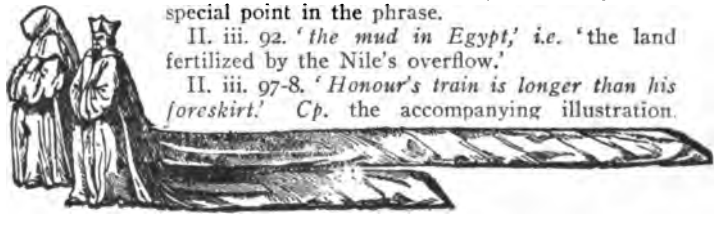
II. i. 105. *'I now seal it,' i.e.* my truth,—with blood.

II. ii. 85. *'one have-at-him'*; Folio 1, *'one; haue at him'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'one heave at him'*; Knight, *'one;—have at him.'*

II. ii. 94. *'Have their free voices,' i.e.* 'have liberty to express their opinions freely' (Grant White, *'Gave'* for *'Have.'*)

II. iii. 14. *'that quarrel, fortune, do'*; Folio 1 reads, *'that quarrell. Fortune, do'*; Collier MS., *'that cruel fortune do'*; Keightley, *'that quarrel, by fortune, do'*; Lettsom conj. *'that fortunes quarrel do'*; Hanmer, *'that quarr'ler, fortune do,'* etc.

II. iii. 46. *'little England'*; Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as *'little England'*; and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.



II. iii. 92. *'the mud in Egypt,' i.e.* 'the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow.'

II. iii. 97-8. *'Honour's train is longer than his foreskirt.'* *Cp.* the accompanying illustration.

from a series of engravings published at Nancy, 1608, which depicts Duke Henry II. and his attendant the Duke of Mantua at the funeral of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine.

II. iv. 62. *'That longer you desire the court,' i.e.* desire the court to delay its proceedings; Folio 4, *'defer'*; Keightley conj. *'court delay'd.'*

II. iv. 172. *'The Bishop of Bayonne'*; strictly it should be 'the Bishop of Tarbes,' but the mistake was Holinshed's.

II. iv. 174. *'The Duke of Orleans'* was the second son of Francis I., King of France.

II. iv. 182. *'the bosom of my conscience'*; Holinshed's use of *'secret bottom of my conscience'* justified Theobald's emendation of *'bosom'* to *'bottom.'*

II. iv. 199. *'throe'*; Pope's emendation Folios, *'throw.'*

II. iv. 204. *'yet not,' i.e.* not yet.

II. iv. 225. *'drive'*; Pope's emendation of Folios, *'drives.'*

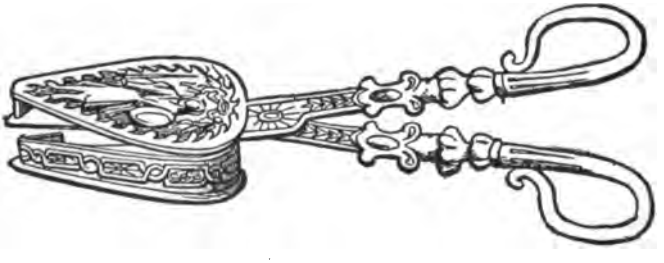
III. i. 38. *'and that way I am wife in'*; *i.e.* concerning my conduct as a wife. (Rowe proposed *'wise'* for *'wife.'*)

III. i. 40. *'Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima'*; 'So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess.'

III. ii. 64. *'He is returned in his opinions,' i.e.* having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.

III. ii. 66. *'Together with all famous colleges'*; Rowe reads, *'Gather'd from all the famous colleges.'*

III. ii. 96. *'I must snuff it.' Cp.* the accompanying representation of a pair of snuffers dating from the year 1538.



III. ii. 172. *'been mine so'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, *'been so.'*

III. ii. 192. *'that am, have, and will be,'* etc.; the reading of the

Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of *'that am, have, and will be,'* it has been proposed to read, *'that am your slave, and will be'*; this would get rid of the awkward *'have'*= 'have been,' but probably the line is correct as it stands.

III. ii. 272. *'that . . . dare mate'*; *i.e.* I that . . . dare mate.

III. ii. 282. *'And dare us with his cap like larks'*; "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).

III. ii. 321. *'Cassado'*; so Folios, following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, *'Cassalis.'*

III. ii. 325. *'your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.* *Cp.* the accompanying facsimile of a groat minted at Wolsey's city of York.

III. ii. 343. *'Chattels'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Castles.'*

IV. ii. 58-59. *'Those twins of learning . . . Ipswich and Oxford'*; Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.

IV. ii. 60. *'the good that did it'*; Pope reads, *'the good he did it'*; Collier MS., *'the good man did it'*; Staunton, *'the good that rear'd it,'* etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the 'good man (or the goodness) that caused it, *i.e* founded it.'

V. i. 34. *'is'*; Theobald, *'he's.'*

V. i. 106. *'you a brother of us,' i.e.* being a Privy Councillor.

V. iii. 11-12. *'frail and capable of our flesh'*; Keightley, *'culpable and frail,'* etc.; Pope, *'and capable Of frailty'*; Malone, *'incapable; Of our flesh'*; Mason conj. *'and culpable: Of our flesh,'* etc.

V. iii. 22. *'pace 'em not in their hands,'*; *i.e.* 'leading them by the bridle.'

V. iii. 30. *'The Upper Germany'*; alluding to Thomas Munzer's insurrection in Saxony (1521-1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in

Munster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.

V. iii. 66. '*Lay,*' *i.e.* 'though ye lay.'

V. iii. 85. '*This is too much*'; the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of '*Cham.*' and '*Chan.*'

The Palace Yard.
From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Map of London* (1543), in the Bodleian Library.

V. iii. 125. '*bare*'; Malone's emendation of Folios, '*base.*'

V. iii. 165. '*You'ld spare your spoons,*' *i.e.* you wish to save your spoons! alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.

V. iv. '*The Palace Yard.*' *Cp.* illustration.

V. iv. 27. '*And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*' a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.

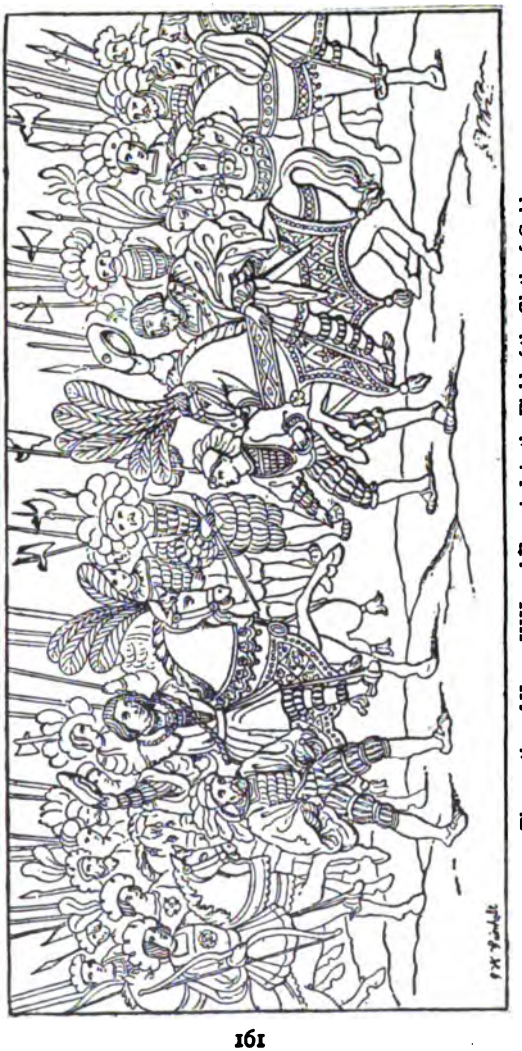
V. iv. 34. '*some strange Indian.*' Exhibitions of Indians, alive or embalmed, were by no means infrequent in the London of Shakespeare's day. *Cp. Tempest,* II. ii. 34. The annexed illustration represents one of these 'strange kind of people' (with whose transportation Sir Martin Frobisher was specially concerned), and is copied from a pen-and-ink drawing of about 1590, the original of which is preserved in a MS. in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral.

'*Some Strange Indian.*'

V. iv. 65, 66. '*the tribulation of Towerhill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*' There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.

V. v. 71. '*And your good brethren*'; Thirlby's conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Folios read, '*and you good brethren.*'

V. v. 76. '*has*'; *i.e.* he has; Folios, ''*Has.*'



The meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. in the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
(From a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.)

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

18-22. *To rank . . . friend*:—"This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The Prologue, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*:—

> "Though need make many poets, and some such
> As art and nature have not better'd much;
> Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
> As he dare serve the ill customs of the age;
> To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
> Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
> Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
> *And help of some few foot and half-foot words,*
> *Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,*
> *And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.*"

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Enter the Duke of Norfolk*, etc.] This Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as Earl of

Surrey in *Richard III.* His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII. in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV., and so, of course, aunt to the King. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors. Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of *Richard III.* The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII. in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

48. "*Element* here," says Hudson, "is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge.* Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of any one, that he is out of his *element*? From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water." Schmidt's explanation substantially agrees with this.

84, 85. *Have broke their backs,* etc.:—"In the interview at Andren," says Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*; among the English the Duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense." The passage might be cited as going to show that the Poet's reading in English history was not confined, as some would have us believe, to Holinshed.

85-87. *What did this vanity . . . issue*:—That is, serve for the reporting or proclaiming of a paltry, worthless result; somewhat like the homely phrase, "Great cry, and little wool."

116. *Where's his examination?*—Where is he to be examined? The cardinal, says Holinshed, "boiling in hatred against the Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had beene the dukes surveior, an instrument

to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet, being had in examination before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And first he uttered, that the duke was accustomed by waie of talke to saie how he meant so to use the matter, that he would atteine to the crowne, if King Henrie chanced to die without issue. The cardinall procured Knevet, with manie great promises, that he should laie these things to the dukes charge with more, if he knew it, when time required."

120. There was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as has been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says, "This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor."

122, 123. *A beggar's book*, etc.:—It was natural at that time, that Buckingham, though himself a man of large and liberal attainments, should speak with disdain of learned poverty in comparison of noble blood. Nor was his pride of birth so bad in itself as Wolsey's pride of self-made greatness.

195. *Something mistaken*:—Not that he had made a mistake, but that others were mistaken regarding him.

207. *You shall to the Tower*:—The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "The cardinall, having taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the King, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose as the Duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there were manifest tokens of his wicked pretense; wherefore he exhorted the King to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The King hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke hereupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower."

217. *Lord Montacute*:—This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored

to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

226. *this instant cloud puts on*:—This instant cloud assumes; "whose figure" referring to "Buckingham," not to "shadow." According to White, "the speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant [the present, the passing] cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity. Johnson first proposed to read, 'this instant cloud puts *out*,' and in so doing diverted the minds of many readers (including editors and commentators) from the real meaning of the passage, and created an obscurity for them which otherwise might not have existed. Singer, Verplanck. and Hudson adopt Johnson's reading.

Scene II.

151-171. The following from the *Chronicles* will serve as an instance how minutely the Poet adheres to truth in this play: "The same duke, the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie, in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the Kings journie beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the King. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court that neither the King nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeavour myselfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and save the rule of the realme of England."

171-176. The honourable part which Katharine is made to act in this scene is unwarranted by history, save that, such was the reverence inspired by her virtue and sagacity, she served generally as a check both upon the despotic temper of her husband, and the all-grasping rapacity of his minister; as appears by the King's be-

coming such an inexpressible compound of cruelty, meanness, and lust, when her influence was withdrawn.

193-199. *If . . . I for this*, etc.:—The *Chronicles* tell us that "the same duke, on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the Kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet, esquier, after that the King had reprooved the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight in his service, that if he had perceived that he should have been committed to the Tower, hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising. For he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against King Richard the Third at Salisburie, who made earnest sute to have come unto the presence of the same King Richard; which sute if he might have obteined, he, having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of King Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him."

Scene III.

[*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*] The dramatist has placed this Scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

25. *fool and feather*:—The text may receive illustration from Nash's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594: "At that time I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer: *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*; my French doublet gelte in the belly; a paire of side-paned hose, that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses; my *long stock* that sate close to my dock; my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and, in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French*." The feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps are alluded to in the ballad of *News and no News*: "And feathers wagging in a fool's cap."

63. *My barge stays*:—Is waiting to take us to York-place (from the King's palace at Bridewell).

Scene IV.

64. [*Enter the King and others, as masquers.*] This visit of the King in disguise is historical, and was quite in the fashion of the time. The occurrences at the real masquing, according to Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, were much as they are here represented. But it was not on this occasion that Henry first danced with Anne Bullen, as will appear from the next note.

76. [*Dance.*] This incident of the King's dancing with Anne Bullen did not occur during this banquet, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion, which was a grand entertainment given by the King at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their king, Francis I., or his son, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the King, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the King having Anne Bullen for his partner. As Holinshed says nothing about this matter, the Poet probably derived it from Hall or Cavendish, who give detailed accounts of it.

96. *And not to kiss you*:—The allusions to the custom here put in practice are countless in our old literature. A kiss was the established reward of the lady's partner, which she could not deny, or he, without an open slight, neglect to take.

102. *In the next chamber*:—According to Cavendish, the King, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel," and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

40 *et seq.* "There was great enmitie," says Holinshed, "betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the Earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. The earle, being unmarried, was desir-

ous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrairie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the King, that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the Earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the Kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived."

103. *poor Edward Bohun*:—The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford*; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.

Scene II.

12. [*Enter . . . Suffolk,*] This Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created Duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the King, and widow of Louis XII. of France. Suffolk was one of the leading noblemen of his time, both in the cabinet and the field.

40-42. It was the *main end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

63. This stage direction of the old copy—*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively*—is singular. It was calculated for the state of the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered drew back just at the proper time.

130. *he ran mad and died*:—"Aboute this time," says Holinshed, "the King received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the Cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes."

Scene III.

78. *a gem*:—Probably the carbuncle, which was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark. Any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

97, 98. *honour's train*, etc.:—"Meaning, of course," says Hudson, "that still ampler honours are forthcoming to her; or that the banquet will outsweeten the foretaste."

103. *salute my blood*:—Compare with Shakespeare's similar phrase in *Sonnets*, CXXI., 5, 6:—

> "For why should others' false adulterate eyes
> Give *salutation to my* sportive *blood?*"

Scene IV.

[*Canterbury.*] At this time, June 21, 1529, the Archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March. This long stage direction from the Folio, is in most of its particulars according to the actual event. The "two priests, bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as Archbishop of York, the other of his authority as Cardinal Legate.

12. [*The Queen . . . goes about the court*, etc.] "Because," says Cavendish, "she could not come directly to the King for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the King, kneeling down at his feet."

69. *To you I speak*:—The acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt and pregnant commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savours overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. It is thus described by Mr. Terry: "Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge.

Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture, with which she intimates to him his mistake. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate reassumption of the fulness of majesty, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims, 'To *you* I speak!' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human."

116, 117. *You tender more*, etc.:—So in Holinshed: "He was the hautiest man in all his proceedings alive, having more respect to the honour of his person, than he had to his spirituall profession, wherein should be shewed all meeknes, humilitie, and charitie."

166. *I speak my good lord cardinal to this point*:—The King, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question.

239. *Prithee, return*:—The King, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

22, 23. Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:—

> "*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere*;
> But a clene life and devotion,
> Maketh gode men of religion."

51-53. The construction is, "I am sorry my integrity, and service to his majesty and you, should breed so deep suspicion." Edwards made a transposition of the lines, thus:—

"I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you."

Hudson (Harvard ed.) so transposes them. White leaves them in the original order, with the line, *And service to his majesty and you* in parenthesis.

102. *The more shame for ye*:—If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good.

164. *grow as terrible as storms*:—It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, that, in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."

Scene II.

42. *married*:—The date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the King having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but the circumstances forced a public acknowledgment of it early in April.

120-128. This incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. The Poet was judicious in making Wolsey's fall turn upon a mistake which in his hands had proved so fatal to another. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the King's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the King sent Wolsey to get the book, and the bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went foorthwith to the King, delivered it into his hands, and breefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further

than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523."

140. *Spiritual leisure* is leisure for *spiritual exercises.* The King seems biting him with irony; as if his leisure were so filled up with spiritual concerns that he could not spare any of it for worldly affairs.

141. *Keep your earthly audit* "means, apparently," says Hudson, "look after your temporal interests, or audit, that is *verify,* your secular accounts."

184-190. The interpretation seems to be: "Besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor."

231. *my Lord of Winchester's*:—Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. Esher was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

256. *Buckingham, my father-in-law*:—The Poet continues the same persons Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey through the play. Here the earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1521, was earl, became duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the Earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former, born in 1520; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547.

314. *Ego et Rex meus*:—These several charges are taken almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus,* I and my king; as who would saie that the King were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records by Lord Herbert, was not that he set himself above or before the King, but that he spoke of himself along with him.

325. *Your holy hat,* etc.:—This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.

350 *et seq.* "In *Henry VIII.*," says Emerson, "I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original work on which his [Shakespeare's] own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where, instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will bring out the rhythm—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence."

411, 412. *the noble troops . . . smiles*:—The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred.* Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far Church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

16. *coronation*:—"The play," in the opinion of Emerson, "contains through all its length unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs."

49. *The Cinque-ports* (i.e., the *five* ports) were Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe. Rye and Winchelsea were subsequently added. For furnishing many warships the original five received important privileges. According to Hall, "the Cinque-ports claimed to bear the canopy over the Queen's head, the day of the coronation."

88. *crown*:—The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the divorcement of Katharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.

Scene II.

16. *his mule*:—Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."

34. *Of an unbounded stomach*:—The *Chronicles* have many passages showing up this trait of pride or arrogance in Wolsey's character. Thus: "It fortuned that the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the cardinall anon after that he had received his power legantine, the which letter after his old familiar maner he subscribed, Your brother William of Canterburie. With which subscription he was so much offended, that he could not temper his mood, but in high displeasure said that he would so worke within a while, that he should well understand how he was his superiour, and not his brother." This whole speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall: "This cardinall was of a great *stomach* for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."

48-68. *This cardinal*, etc.:—This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome. . . . A great preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

103. *rude behaviour*:—Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath,

and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.

169. *maiden flowers*:—To scatter flowers in the grave at the burial of maidens was customary. See *Hamlet*, V. i. 244, 245: "She is allow'd her virgin crants, her *maiden strewments*"; and, a few lines further on, the Queen's words when she strews flowers in the grave of Ophelia.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

113-121. We here trace the Poet's reading into a new path, and one that entirely refutes the old notion that his knowledge of English history was confined to the pages of Holinshed. The matter of the Scene, and in many cases the precise language, are taken from the book commonly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, which was first printed in 1563.

142-157. *Be of good cheer*, etc.:—This is taken almost literally from Foxe, who makes the King speak to the archbishop as follows: "'Doe not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how manie great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witnesse against you? Think you to have better lucke that wai than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keepe you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding, to morrow, when the councell shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourselfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring, and say unto them, *if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you and appeale to the Kings owne person, by this his token unto you all*; for, so soon as they shall see this my ring, they shall understand that I have

resumed the whole cause into mine owne hands.' The archbishop, perceiving the Kings benignitie so much to himwards, had much ado to forbeare teares. 'Well,' said the King, 'go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.'"

Scene II.

20. [*Enter the King and Butts at a window above.*] In America we are not without some examples of old houses in which large rooms are commanded by windows opening into them from passageways or small adjacent apartments. But of old it was quite common in England to have such windows in the large rooms of manor halls, castles, and palaces, especially in the kitchen and the dining-room, or banqueting-hall. From these apertures the mistress of the mansion could overlook the movements of her servants, either with or without their knowledge, and direct them without the trouble and unpleasantness of mingling with them. Instead of a window there was very often a door opening upon a small gallery or platform, not unlike those in which the musicians are placed in some assembly rooms. Such a gallery, too, was part of the stage arrangement of Shakespeare's day.

34. *draw the curtain close*:—That is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the King now is.

Scene III.

[*The council-chamber.*] The old stage direction at the commencement of this Scene is: "A councell table brought in with chayres and stooles and placed under the state." Our ancestors were contented to be *told* that the same spot, perhaps without any change of its appearance except the drawing back of a curtain, was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber.

99-113. *By virtue of that ring*, etc.:—So in Foxe: "Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaille chamber, to whome was alledged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the King had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the Kings ring, revoking his cause into the Kings hands. The whole councell being thereat somewhat amazed, the

Earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his wordes with a solemn othe, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I tolde you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the King will suffer this mans finger to ake? Much more, I warrant you, will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to heare tales and fables against him.' And so, incontinently upon the receipt of the Kings token, they all rose, and caryed the King his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands."

102. *This is the king's ring*:—It seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.

167. *you 'ld spare your spoons*:—The ancient offerings upon occasions of christening when spoons were given as presents were called *apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve*; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Scene IV.

15. *On May-day morning*:—Anciently the first of May was observed by all classes of Englishmen as a holiday. The old custom is finely touched by Wordsworth in his two *Odes to May*:—

"Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
At peep of dawn would rise
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouch'd the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!"

Scene V.

50 *et seq.* On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, the King is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor.* In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

76. The last Act is the indispensable sequel and completion to those that precede, and clinches the vast political determination that was gathering and moving onward, in the intrigues and reactions of the earlier scenes. The business of the divorce opened the question of independence of Rome—or reopened it, and it is furthered by the dispositions of Anne Bullen and her feud with the cardinal. In the last Act we find the King in personal exercise of absolute power, and giving sign of casting it decisively into the scale of the party of the new opinions, by crushing the intrigue of Gardiner. Cranmer and Cromwell are indicated in the play as the ecclesiastical and lay leaders of the impending innovation, and if with brevity, we must remember that the ears of Shakespeare's generation were still tingling with their doings, and parties took sides at once at the very mention of their names. Hence the significance to the course of the play, of the support they receive from the King, and the seal of the alliance is the selection of the new man Cranmer to be godfather to the infant princess—of Elizabeth, who was destined to carry forward not only the better public tendencies peace and power—of honours open to all, and as nobly gained as bestowed, but also to secure the strongest establishment for the church of liberty and liberalizing enlightenment, that the marriage of her mother was the occasion of first effectually promoting.

Questions on King Henry VIII.

1. Who is the dramatist to whom joint authorship of this play is ascribed?

2. Mention the parts assigned to Shakespeare.

3. What is the temper of the play as evidenced by the Prologue? How many instances does the play present where *mightiness meets misery*? Do you think Shakespeare wrote the Prologue?

ACT FIRST.

4. What event is discussed by Norfolk and Buckingham at the beginning of the play?

5. Whom does Norfolk's glowing description serve to introduce, and what impression of him is gained thereby?

6. What bits of personal biography of Wolsey does the scene furnish?

7. What is the dramatic purpose of the scene between Wolsey and Buckingham?

8. Of what treasons does Buckingham accuse Wolsey? How is the former prevented from carrying out his threat? How is the promise of the Prologue fulfilled in the arrest of Buckingham?

9. Comment on the power of Wolsey at the court as indicated by his position in the procession at the opening of Sc. ii.

10. Has the subject of the Queen's petition been introduced in the preceding Scene? Does the interruption by the Queen make an effective dramatic moment?

11. Explain the social conditions resulting from the taxations. Who was responsible for the taxations? On what pretext were they levied?

12. What is Wolsey's defense of himself? Do the facts or does the King accuse him and ask for explanation?

13. Indicate Henry's conservative policy. How does Wolsey turn the King's pardon to his own advantage?

14. What are the accusations against Buckingham made by the Surveyor?

15. How does the Queen bear herself during this entire Scene? What is the dramatic purpose of presenting her at the height of her official dignity and influence at the outset of the play?

16. For whom was the Cardinal's party given as presented in Sc. iv.?

17. What impression do you get of Anne Bullen in this Scene? What side of Henry's nature is here presented? What of the Cardinal?

18. Is the incident of the masquers historical?

ACT SECOND.

19. How did the Duke of Buckingham conduct himself at his trial? Why is the trial not given before the spectators?

20. In his speech, Sc. i., beginning line 55, what distinction does Buckingham make between the justice of his sentence and the fact of his own guilt or innocence?

21. What was the fate of his father? Is there any anticipation of the thought of Wolsey's farewell address (III. ii. 350) in the speech of Buckingham beginning line 100?

22. How is Wolsey accused of implication in the rumoured divorce of Henry and Katharine? Why did he desire the archbishopric of Toledo?

23. What element of the exposition does the letter (Sc. ii.) supply? What relation does Suffolk bear to the King?

24. What does Norfolk say (Sc. ii.) about Wolsey's influence over the King? How is he shown, by dramatic means, to be the privileged subject?

25. On what mission did Campeius come to the court? Give the Dr. Pace incident and its effect upon Wolsey. How did the Cardinal use all inferiors?

26. Interpret the King's allusions to Katharine at the end of Sc. ii.

27. Is Anne's pity for the Queen genuine? Does she apprehend the real grounds of the Queen's misery? Is Anne sincere in her protestations about pomps?

28. Estimate the character of the Old Lady. What is her station? Compare her with the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet.*

29. What honours does the King bestow upon Anne? What is the dramatic effect of this advancement of her?

30. How does Katharine begin her appeal (Sc. iv.) to the King

at the opening of her trial? What allusion does she make to the legality of the marriage?

31. What is the dramatic action accompanying the speech, *Lord cardinal, to you I speak?*

32. What point in Wolsey's career is marked by the Queen's denunciation of him?

33. How does Katharine characterize his reply to her? To what pitch does it stir her?

34. How does she leave the court?

35. What does the King say in exoneration of Wolsey? How was Henry led to question the validity of his marriage with Katharine? Interpret the King's speech with which the Scene closes.

ACT THIRD.

36. Comment on the fitness of the opening song to the spirit of the first Scene. What presage is there of the conclusion of the Scene?

37. In what frame of mind does Katharine receive Wolsey and Campeius? What does Wolsey say is the purpose of their visit?

38. In the scene with Wolsey and Campeius what new things does Katharine advance in her own defence? What part does her sense of queenly dignities as her right bear to her other claims? Compare her with Hermione. Which case more moves to pity?

39. In Wolsey's words, *The hearts of princes kiss obedience, so much they love it,* what far-reaching principle does he suggest of a polity that he helped to establish in England and which held sway until the fall of the Stuarts?

40. Does the Scene close with a feeling of Katharine's defeat?

41. With what motive does the open opposition (Sc. ii.) against Wolsey begin? How is it said that he swayed the King?

42. What are the two counts that the King has against Wolsey which end in his downfall? How are they dramatically presented?

43. Why was Wolsey opposed to Anne Bullen?

44. Was the incident of Wolsey's mistake in sending to the King the inventory of his personal possessions historically true? Characterize the scene in which the King breaks with Wolsey.

45. To what uses did Wolsey intend to put the wealth that he had accumulated?

46. Is there a failure to sustain the level of the scene between the points marked by the exit of the King and the farewell address by Wolsey? What is Wolsey's bearing during the scoldings of the lords?

47. It is judged that this Scene, from the exit of the King on to the end, is the work of Fletcher. Mention some aspects of the longer speeches that seem un-Shakespearian.

48. Is there a progressive rise in dramatic effect in the three instances that illustrate the promise of the Prologue that the play shall exhibit how *mightiness meets misery*?

ACT FOURTH.

49. How are we informed of the divorce of Katharine? What attitude did she persist in maintaining towards the court set to judge the case?

50. How is Anne Bullen's coronation procession described?

51. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. ii. in following the events of the preceding Scene?

52. How did Wolsey end his life?

53. How does Katharine describe his life? Was Griffith's account as true as the Queen's?

54. What is symbolized by the masque?

55. What trait in Katharine does the conduct of the messenger call out?

56 Is the last scene in which Katharine appears convincing in its truth to nature?

ACT FIFTH.

57. How does Sc. i. show Anne Bullen to be regarded by the courtiers?

58. Who are associated with her in the disfavour of the court?

59. What incident precedes the interview of the King and Cranmer, and what is suggested by the juxtaposition?

60. How does Henry arrange with Cranmer to meet the charges of the council? On what grounds was Cranmer summoned before them?

61. What is the chief trait of the Old Lady as exhibited in Sc. i. and in the earlier Scene?

62. What indignity is put upon Cranmer, and how is the King informed of it? Describe Cranmer's trial.

63. Indicate the purpose of Sc. iii. Granting that it was written by Fletcher, or by some unknown hand, how does it compare with similar scenes of undoubted Shakespearian authorship?

64. Comment upon the lack of unity of the play in considering the last Act in relation to the others.

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65. Viewing the play as a whole, what is its great artistic defect? Is there a lack of any informing purpose?
Is there a lack of any informing purpose?

66. Show how Wolsey's fall caused a change in his ideas of life and duty. Do you regard his repentance and purification as natural and logical?

67. How is contrast effected by the portrayal of Cranmer in the last Act?

68. How does the end of the play exhibit the transference of absolute power once wielded by Wolsey? In this respect does the play exhibit the true course of history?

69. What made it impossible for this play to present a life-like portrait of Anne Bullen? Does this portrait contain anything false?

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Macbeth* was first printed in the *First Folio*, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"Macbeth" and Middleton's "Witch." Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearian portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "*Come away, come away,*" III. v.; "*Black Spirits and white,*" IV. i.). Moreover, these very songs are found in

D'Avenant's re-cast of Macbeth (1674).* It is, however, possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.† Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of their properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.*)

The Porter's Speech. Among the passages in *Macbeth* that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been

* The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

† The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii., iii. 1-37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i, 39-47, 125-132; iii. 140-159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47-50; viii. 32-33, 35-75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act. IV. Sc. i. 39-47; Act IV. Sc. i. 125-132.

written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shakespearian words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analyzed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awefulness and a depth of solemnity . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that has suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearian in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, by Prof. Hales).

Date of Composition. The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (Act IV. sc. i. 120) gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March, 1603, while a notice in the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.* Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan, or, the Widow of Watling*

* The Dairy is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie.* Halliwell Phillipps privately reprinted the

Street," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—"*Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.*"*

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted his majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Makbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England*. The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605-1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.† As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet* and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.‡ With an early play of this period, viz., *Antony*

valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

* Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:—

> "*When thou art at the table with thy friends,*
> *Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,*
> *I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,*
> *Invisible to all men but thyself.*"

† *E.g.* II. iii. 5. "*expectation of plenty*" probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the "*Equivocator*" seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

‡ Macbeth numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has no less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

and Cleopatra, it has strong ethical affinities (*vide Preface to Antony and Cleopatra*).

The Sources of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiae* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterization of Banquo.

(A full summary of theories of The Legend of Macbeth is to be found in Furness' *Variorum* edition, which contains also an excellent survey of the various criticisms on the characters.)

The Macbeth of Legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of History, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarch (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1548) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound believer in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's scepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a

penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79), is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iii. *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iv. to vii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. i. to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. to v. [Act III. Sc. vi., an impossible time.] *Day* 5, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iii., Act V. Sc. i. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scotland. *Day* 8, Act V. Sc. ii. and iii. *Day* 9, Act V. Sc. iv. to viii.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Macbeth and Banquo, two commanding generals under King Duncan of Scotland, achieve a signal victory over a rebel army, although the latter is supported by Norwegian troops. On their return from battle the two Scottish generals are accosted by three witches, who hail Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and future king of Scotland. Afterwards they promise Banquo that his sons shall sit upon the throne. Macbeth is already Thane of Glamis, but nothing more. While the witches' announcement is yet sounding in his ears, messengers from the king arrive and confer upon him, in Duncan's name, and because of his victory, the title of Thane of Cawdor. This verification of two terms of the witches' greeting leads Macbeth secretly to hope for the third—the throne itself. He communicates this wish to his wife, a cruel, unscrupulous woman, and their joint desire develops into a plot against the king. The monarch, suspecting nothing, seeks to do Macbeth still further honour by visiting him.

II. During the visit the king is murdered by Macbeth, aided by his wife. Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's sons, flee the country in terror; and Macbeth seeks to divert suspicion concerning the deed from himself to them. Since the sons have fled, Macbeth, as next heir,

is crowned king of Scotland. The third prediction of the witches is accomplished.

III. Macbeth, however, is unsatisfied. He bethinks himself that Banquo also was promised something by the Weird Sisters—namely, that his children shall one day mount the throne. The thought is galling to Macbeth, who wishes to make the crown secure for his own posterity. He plots to kill Banquo and his only son, Fleance. To further the plot he makes a great feast and invites Banquo and Fleance particularly. On their way thither they are waylaid and Banquo is slain by murderers in Macbeth's employ, but Fleance escapes.

While the slain Banquo's blood is yet warm and flowing, Macbeth's feast is spread. It is indeed a regal repast, and King Macbeth himself says that but one feature is lacking—the presence of his chief guest, Banquo. This he says to divert suspicion, for he has already received news of Banquo's violent end. But scarcely has he uttered the words when the ghost of Banquo appears at Macbeth's seat. No one sees him save Macbeth, but his alarm causes the banquet to break up in confusion.

IV. Macbeth, harried by doubts and fears, resolves upon and obtains another interview with the witches. He is warned to beware of Macduff; he is promised that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"; he is advised to fear naught till Birnam wood shall come against him. Still unsatisfied, he demands again to know if Banquo's issue shall reign in the kingdom, and from what the witches show he becomes convinced that the crown is assigned to them. The first news that greets him upon leaving the witches is that Macduff has escaped to England to join forces with Malcolm, the late king's eldest son. Enraged, Macbeth storms Macduff's castle and puts Lady Macduff and her children to the sword.

V. The queen meanwhile is almost insane over the

thought of her own share in Macbeth's crimes. She walks in her sleep and endeavors to wash imaginary blood-stains from her hands. Finally she expires, "as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands."

Macbeth also is growing tired of life, but the hag's last prophecies spur him to renewed effort. He is almost unmanned, therefore, when word is brought that Birnam wood is moving against him; for this was one of the apparently impossible threats of the witches. The moving woods were really branches of the trees of Birnam lopped off and carried by the invading troops of Malcolm and Macduff to protect their advance against him. Still Macbeth believes himself invulnerable, and fearing none save one "that was not born of woman," he rushes forth to battle. He fights with almost superhuman strength and valor till he meets Macduff, against whom he remembers that he has been warned by the witches. At first he shrinks from fighting Macduff, but when brought to bay, exclaims: "I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born." "Despair thy charm," retorts his foe, "Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd." And in the ensuing duel Macbeth is slain. Malcolm is hailed king of Scotland. McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Summary of the Macbeth Legend.

Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The Lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the

granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince. Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighborhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

III.

Macbeth.

This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, which takes its peculiar view from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the "weird sisters," nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the main-spring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself. A character like this, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness; which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from "horrible imaginings" by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon us amidst universal execration. Such, briefly, are the story and the moral of *Macbeth*. The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, though agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do the "weird sisters" themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the

ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece. . . .

The very starting-point for an inquiry into the real, inherent, and habitual nature of Macbeth, independent of those particular circumstances which form the action of the play, lies manifestly, though the critics have commonly overlooked it, in the question, With whom does the scheme of usurping the Scottish crown by the murder of Duncan actually originate? We sometimes find Lady Macbeth talked of as if she were the first contriver of the plot, and suggester of the assassination; but this notion is refuted, not only by implication, in the whole tenor of the piece, but most explicitly in I. vii. 48-52. Most commonly, however, the *witches* (as we find the "weird sisters" pertinaciously miscalled by all sorts of players and of critics) have borne the imputation of being the first to put this piece of mischief in the hero's mind. Yet the prophetic words in which the attainment of royalty is promised him contain not the remotest hint as to the means by which he is to arrive at it. They are simply "All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter"—an announcement which, it is plain, should have rather inclined a man who was *not* already harbouring a scheme of guilty ambition to wait quietly the course of events. According to Macbeth's own admission, the words of the "weird sisters" on this occasion convey anything rather than an incitement to murder to the mind of a man who is not meditating it already. This supernatural soliciting is only made such to the mind of Macbeth by the fact that he is already occupied with a purpose of assassination.

FLETCHER: *Studies of Shakespeare.*

Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed and

wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitation of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spellbinds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

We are sometimes told that Shakespeare did not intend to make Macbeth a psychological study; he did make him so, and it is sufficient that we find his intent in the result. . . . The poetic mind on which the presages and suggestions of supernatural things could work; a nature sensitive, intellectual emotion, so that one can imagine him even in his contemplation of coming crimes weeping for the pain of the destined victim; self-torturing, self-examination, playing with conscience, so that action and reaction of poetic thought might send emotional waves through the brain while the resolution was as grimly fixed as steel and the heart as cold as ice; a poet supreme in the power of words, with vivid imagination and glowing sympathy of intellect; a villain, cold-blooded, selfish, remorseless, with the true villain's nerve and callousness when pressed to evil work, and the physical heroism of those who are born to kill; a moral nature with only sufficient weakness to quail (?) momentarily before superstitious terrors; a man of sentiment and not of feeling—such was the mighty dramatic character which Shakespeare gave to the world in Macbeth.

IRVING: *The Character of Macbeth.*

IV.

Character of Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized:—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech:—

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, etc.

is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

It is particularly observable that in Lady Macbeth's concentrated, strong-nerved ambition, the ruling passion of her mind, there is yet a touch of womanhood: she is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other inference either from her words or her actions. In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself. It is of him she thinks: she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre within *his* grasp. The strength of her affection adds strength to her ambition. Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," yet in the aspect under which Shakespeare has represented the character to us the selfish part of this ambition is kept out of sight. We must remark also, that in Lady Macbeth's reflections on her husband's character, and on that milkiness of nature which she fears "may impede him from the golden round," there is no indication of female scorn: there is exceeding pride, but no egotism, in the sentiment or the expression; no want of wifely or womanly respect and love for *him*, but, on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated. Nor is there anything vulgar in her ambition; as the strength of her

affections lends to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her: hers is the sin of the "star-bright apostate," and she plunges with her husband into the abyss of guilt to procure for "all their days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom." She revels, she luxuriates, in her dream of power. She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain; she perils life and soul for its attainment, with an enthusiasm as perfect, a faith as settled, as that of the martyr who sees at the stake heaven and its crowns of glory opening upon him. . . .

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself, and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples to attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture; but having committed unflinchingly the crime necessary for the attainment of her purpose, she stops there. After the murder of Duncan, we see Lady Macbeth, during the rest of the play, occupied in supporting the nervous weakness and sustaining the fortitude of her husband. . . . But she is nowhere represented as urging him on to new crimes; so far from it that, when Macbeth darkly hints his purposed assassination of Banquo, and she inquires his meaning, he replies,

> Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
> Till thou approve the deed.

The same may be said of the destruction of Macduff's family. Every one must perceive how our detestation of the woman had been increased, if she had been placed before us as suggesting and abetting those additional cruelties into which Macbeth is hurried by his mental cowardice.

Lastly, it is clear that in a mind constituted like that

of Lady Macbeth conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution was to be displayed to us—but how? Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air-drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. The towering bravery of *her* mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband. We know, or rather feel, that she who could give a voice to the most direful intent, and call on the spirits that wait on mortal thoughts to " unsex her," and " stop up all access and passage of remorse "—to that remorse would have given nor tongue nor sound; and that rather than have uttered a complaint, she would have held her breath and died. To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource, and have disappointed and enfeebled all our previous impressions of her character; yet justice is to be done, and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into the depths of that inward hell.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

To make and share a husband's fortune was her [Lady Macbeth's] only motive, and the only driving-power she could supply to that was love: her character was most inartificially contrived out of one or two broad elements of womankind; a Semele to invite the solar ray that consumed her. To be a woman was her sole resource.

Let us notice, therefore, how prompt was her first inspiration, and how quickly it recoiled exhausted from its terrible victory.

A full-blooded virago who has murder in her heart, but supposes that any chance to commit it is a long way

off, would not betray emotion if Fate suddenly tossed a chance into her lap. Lady Macbeth's nerves are not well padded against such a shock. The husband's letter astonishes and exalts her soul; but the old desires, never before so animated, seem fruitless as ever, since neither time nor place concur. In the height of this turmoil, an attendant enters to say, "The king comes here to-night." The tidings appal her: has Providence gone mad, to trust Duncan with her in this temper? The man is mad to say it. Coming! To-night! "And when goes hence?" Her looks and speech recoil from the coincidence. Then she breaks into that soliloquy which is not the ranting of a mannish murderess who is in a frenzy to get at her victim. The lines quiver with the excitement of a delicate nature that is over-strained and dreads to fail. Vexed and chagrined at womanly proclivities which will be apt to follow their bent against her purpose, she invokes spirits to unsex her, to make thick the blood that runs too limpidly and warm, and clot "the access and passage to remorse." It fills us with dismay to see how far a susceptible womanhood can be transported by a vehement passion. . . .

She does not give Macbeth time to observe that to murder Duncan will exact of him the murder of Malcolm also, who is designated by the king to succeed him. She is in no temper to reflect that the taking-off of Duncan will plunge the husband into ever-renewing complications: her transport carries him away to fruitless crime. But the first blow spends her terrible ardor and disenchants her of murder. She can force it upon her husband, but is not endowed with the complexly woven tissue of talents and motives that can sustain reaction. His muscle drags him through successive scenes of feigning, inures him to the contemplation of fresh murders, and keeps his foot well planted to thrust and parry the foes of his own making. She is all made for love, and for the uttermost that love can suggest: there is no

masculine fiber in her heart; it is packed with the invisible, fine-strung nerves of a feminine disposition. And they have been stretched to such a tension that, since no solider flesh sheathes and protects them as they relax, we see them ravelled: they no longer sustain the firm heart-beat and regulate the blood. There are symptoms, even before the murder is committed, that her strength threatens to be inadequate. She must have recourse to wine, to borrow courage from it that may last till morning; and her mood is so intense that the light body can absorb large draughts of it.

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold." . . .

This fascination of spilt blood, this woman's instinct to see her husband through the first surprise, this dread of some defect in his behaviour, this solicitude to repair it by some spirit of her own, takes her into a scene which deals one stroke too much upon her emotion. For the morn broke rapidly, as if to resent the criminal advantage which the midnight took. She has had no chance to calculate what effect this murder will have upon human sensibilities when they are taken by it unawares. She sees the awfulness of it suddenly reflected from the faces and gestures of Macduff, Banquo, and the rest. It beats at the gate, across which she has braced a woman's arm, and breaks it in; and a mob of reproaches rush over her. What have those delicate hands been doing? What is this hideous issue of her slender body, just born, stark naked, in the horror of these men? Nature, in making her, was so little in the male mood, so intently following the woman's model, that it left out the element which carries Macbeth through this scene. . . . "Help me hence, ho!" her sex cries. It is the revulsion of nature in a feminine soul. Love has exhaled all its hardihood into the deed which is just now discovered. . . .

Her fortitude just eked her out to reach the gracious action that dismissed the guests, as she wished "A kind

good-night to all!" Yes, good-night to all—to us also. She gains the shelter of her chamber: then she entirely disappears from the action of the tragedy, to sicken in seclusion with the consciousness that her fatal love has purveyed successive murders for her household. She can be of no further use to Shakespeare now: such a terrible requisition of genius has exhausted her; she is removed from our view and consigned to the offices of women. For the courage that was screwed to the sticking-place was screwed by love's wrest one turn too far. But another kind of woman—massive, cruel, prompted by unmixed ambition, guided by pure hatefulness—would have had no trouble in assuming the dogged resolution with which Macbeth began henceforth to outface Fate. Not so this soul, who has known "how tender 'tis to love the babe" that milks her. . . .

So, not long after, a cry of women struggles through the castle, and bids Macbeth's desperate engrossment know that the "brief candle" of her night-walking sorrow has gone out. He has no time to permit his queen to die, but she has slipped from his arms. Alas! another shape of Nature's womanhood by Nature destroyed. Malcolm may suspect that she destroyed herself, but Shakespeare furnished no pretext for that palace rumour. And it so disconcerts the pathos which he intended should accumulate around the temper of her crime that many commentators suspect the scene, upon this and other considerations, of having been tampered with. Malcolm may call her "fiend-like," if he will. 'Tis pardonably honest English from a son who slept one night so near to a murdered father. What was to Malcolm a righteous phrasing of the deed does not cover Shakespeare's implication of the mood which led to it. The great poet delivers to us a sprig of rosemary, for remembrance of Nature in a woman, but enjoins us to tie it up with rue.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

Lady Macbeth's Influence Over Her Husband.

Macbeth is excitably imaginative, and his imagination alternately stimulates and enfeebles him. The facts in their clear-cut outline disappear in the dim atmosphere of surmise, desire, fear, hope, which the spirit of Macbeth effuses around the fact. But his wife sees things in the clearest and most definite outline. Her delicate frame is filled with high-strung nervous energy. With her to perceive is forthwith to decide, to decide is to act. Having resolved upon her end, a practical logic convinces her that the means are implied and determined. Macbeth resolves, and falters back from action; now he is restrained by his imagination, now by his fears, now by lingering velleities towards a loyal and honourable existence. He is unable to keep in check or put under restraint any one of the various incoherent powers of his nature, which impede and embarrass each the action of the other. Lady Macbeth gains, for the time, sufficient strength by throwing herself passionately into a single purpose, and by resolutely repressing all that is inconsistent with that purpose. Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism—she cuts off from herself her better nature, she yields no weak paltering with conscience. "I have given suck," she exclaims, "and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me"; she is unable to stab Duncan because he resembles her father in his sleep; she is appalled by the copious blood in which the old man lies, and the horror of the sight clings to her memory; the smell of the blood is hateful to her and almost insupportable; she had not been without apprehension that her feminine nature might fail to carry her through the terrible ordeal, through which she yet resolved that it should be compelled to pass. She must not waste an

atom of her strength of will, which has to serve for two murderers—for her husband as well as for herself. She puts into requisition with the aid of wine and of stimulant words the reserve of nervous force which lay unused. No witches have given her "Hail"; no airy dagger marshals her the way she is going; nor is she afterwards haunted by the terrible vision of Banquo's gory head. As long as her will remains her own she can throw herself upon external facts, and maintain herself in relation with the definite, actual surroundings; it is in her sleep, when the will is incapable of action, that she is persecuted by the past which perpetually renews itself, not in ghostly shapes, but by the imagined recurrence of real and terrible incidents.

The fears of Lady Macbeth upon the night of Duncan's murder are the definite ones that the murderers may be detected, that some omission in the pre-arranged plan may occur, that she or her husband may be summoned to appear before the traces of their crime have been removed. More awful considerations would press in upon her and overwhelm her sanity, but that she forcibly repels them for the time:

> These deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

To her the sight of Duncan dead is as terrible as to Macbeth; but she takes the daggers from her husband; and with a forced jest, hideous in the self-violence which it implies, she steps forth into the dark corridor:

> If he do bleed
> I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
> For it must seem their guilt.

"A play of fancy here is like a gleam of ghastly sunshine striking across a stormy landscape." The knocking at the gate clashes upon her overstrained nerves and thrills her; but she has determination and energy to

direct the actions of Macbeth, and rouse him from the mood of abject depression which succeeded his crime. A white flame of resolution glows through her delicate organization, like light through an alabaster lamp:

> Infirm of purpose!
> Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
> Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil.

If the hold which she possesses over her own faculties should relax for a moment, all would be lost. For dreadful deeds anticipated and resolved upon, she has strength, but the surprise of a novel horror, on which she has not counted, deprives her suddenly of consciousness; when Macbeth announces his butchery of Duncan's grooms, the lady swoons—not in feigning but in fact—and is borne away insensible.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VI.

The Witches.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if anything more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; without birth or death; passion-

less and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Æschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become: the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savours as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom everything seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true. Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearian, there being nothing in his whole circle of character wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. . . . In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the

mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts; these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give"; the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order or disorder of things shall last. So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences. . . . And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develop them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Knocking at the Gate.

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this:—The knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. . . . At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this:—Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life: an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of the "poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—

jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

DE QUINCEY: *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.*

VIII.

Quality of the Play.

I regard *Macbeth*, upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture, and at Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection; but in the drama we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakespeare; and of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy *Macbeth* has no parallel, till we go back to the *Prometheus and the Furies* of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing too far from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of Shakespeare's and of Æschylus's style—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose from the consanguinity of nature. In one respect, the tragedy of *Macbeth* always reminds me of Æschylus's poetry. It has scenes and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to Æschylus, when the Titan Prometheus makes his appeal to the elements; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains? Or when the Ghost of Clytemnestra rushes into Apollo's temple, and rouses the sleeping Furies? I wish to imagine these scenes. I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted. In like manner, there are parts of *Macbeth* which I delight

to read much more than to see in the theatre. . . . Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in reverting from these remarks to my first assertion, that all in all, *Macbeth* is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry.

CAMPBELL: *Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

As regards wealth of thought, *Macbeth* ranks far below *Hamlet;* it lacks the wide, free, historic perfection which in *Julius Cæsar* raises us above the horror of his tragic fall. It cannot be compared with *Othello* for completeness, depth of plot, or full, rich illustration of character. But, in our opinion, it excels all that Shakspeare, or any other poet, has created, in the simple force of the harmonious, majestic current of its action, in the transparency of its plan, in the nervous power and bold sweep of its language, and in its prodigal wealth of poetical coloring.

KREYSSIG: *Vorlesungen über Shakspeare.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*
SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*
YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*
BOY, *son to Macduff.*
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
All. Paddock calls:—anon!
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

The Witches.

UofM

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's

In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;

So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor"; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what

greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message;

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherein your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasure seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance; therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.
Macb. } What 's the matter?
Len. }
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master 's murder'd.
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo 's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that.
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send:
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' etc.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.'
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' etc.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded; here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit*
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'*
[*Exeunt murderers, following her.*

Scene III.

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire

All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-

gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can tell our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?
Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*
Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene III.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
' Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently render'd;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A one, a man (Theobald from Davenant, "*a Thane*"; Grant White, "*a man*"); III, iv. 131.
Absolute, positive; III. vi. 40.
Abuse, deceive; II. i. 50.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.
Adder's fork, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16,
Addition, title; I. iii. 106.
Address'd them, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.
Adhere, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.
Admired, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.
Advise, instruct; III. i. 129.
Afeard, afraid; I. iii. 96.
Affection, disposition; IV. iii. 77.
Affeer'd, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.
Alarm, call to arms; V. ii. 4.
Alarum'd, alarmed; II. i. 53.
All, any; III. ii. 11.
——; "and all to all," *i. e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.
All-thing, in every way; III. i. 13.
A-making, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.
Angel, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.
Angerly, angrily; III. v. 1.
Annoyance, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.
Anon, immediately; I. i. 10.
Anon, anon, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 23.
An't, if it (Folios, "*and't*"); III. vi. 19.
Antic, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.
Anticipatest, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.
Apace, quickly; III. iii. 6.
Apply, be devoted; III. ii. 30.
Approve, prove; I. vi. 4.
Argument, subject, theme; II. iii. 126.
Arm'd, encased in armour; III. iv. 101.
Aroint thee, begone; I. iii. 6.
Artificial, made by art; III. v. 27.
As, as if; II. iv. 18.
Assay; "the great a. of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.
Attend, await; III. ii. 3.
Augures, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.
Authorized by, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.
Avouch, assert; III. i. 120.

Baby of a girl, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.

Badged, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 106.

Bane, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.

Battle, division of an army; V. vi. 4.

Beguile, deceive; I. v. 64.

Bellman "the fatal bellman"; II. ii. 3. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIth cent. black-letter ballad.

Bellona, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.

Bend up, strain; I. vii. 79.

Benison, blessing; II. iv. 40.

Bent, determined; III. iv. 134.

Best, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.

Bestow'd, staying; III. i. 30.

Bestows himself, has settled; III. vi. 24.

Bestride, stand over in posture of defence; IV. iii. 4.

Bides, lies; III. iv. 26.

Bill, catalogue; III. i. 100.

Birnam, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.

Birthdom, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.

Bladed; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.

Blind-worm, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.

Blood-bolter'd, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.

Blow, blow upon; I. iii. 15.

Bodements, forebodings; IV. i. 96.

Boot; "to b.," in addition; IV. iii. 37.

Borne, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.

Borne in hand, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.

Bosom, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.

Brainsickly, madly; II. ii. 46.

Break, disclose; I. vii. 48.

Breech'd, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood" (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 121.

Breed, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.

Brinded, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.

Bring, conduct; II. iii. 52.

Broad, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.

Broil, battle; I. ii. 6.

Broke ope, broken open; II. iii. 71.

But, only; I. vii. 6.

By, past; IV. i. 137.

By the way, casually; III. iv. 130.

Cabin'd, confined; III. iv. 24.
Captains, trisyllabic (S. Walker conj. "*captains twain*"); I. ii. 34.
Careless, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
Casing, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'Cause, because; III. vi. 21.
Censures, opinion; V. iv. 14.
Champion me, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
Chanced, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
Charge; "in an imperial c.," in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
Charged, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
Chaudron, entrails; IV. i. 33.
Children (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.

An early form of chimney.

Chimneys; "our chimneys were blown down," an anachronism; II. iii. 60. (*Cp.* the annexed cut from a mediæval MS. depicting a primitive form of chimney.)
Choke their art, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
Clear, serenely; I. v. 72.
Clear, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
——, unstained; II. i. 28.
Clearness, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.
Clept, called; III. i. 94.
Cling, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
Close, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
——, secret; III. v. 7.
Closed, enclosed; III. i. 99.
Cloudy, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
Cock, cock-crow; "the second c.," *i.e.* about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 27.
Coign of vantage, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
Cold, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
Colme-kill, i.e. Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
Come, which have come; I. iii. 144.
Command upon, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
Commends, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
Commission; "those in c.," those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.

Composition, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
Compt; "in c.," in account; I. vi. 26.
Compunctious, pricking the conscience; I. v. 46.
Concluded, decided; III. i. 141.
Confineless, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
Confounds, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
Confronted, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
Confusion, destruction; II. iii. 71.
Consequences; v. mortal; V. iii. 5.
Consent, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
Constancy, firmness; II. ii. 68.
Contend against, vie with; I. vi. 16.
Content, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
Continent, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
Convert, change; IV. iii. 229.
Convey, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
Convince, overpower; I. vii. 64.
Convinces, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
Copy, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
Corporal, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
Corporal; "each c. agent," *i.e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
Counsellors; "c. to fear," fear's counsellors, *i.e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
Countenance, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 84.
Crack of doom, burst of sound, thunder at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
Cracks, charges; I. ii. 37.
Crown, head; IV. i. 113.

Dainty of, particular about; II. iii. 149.
Dear, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
Degrees, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
Deliver thee, report to thee; I. v. 11.
Delivers, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
Demi-wolves, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
Denies, refuses; III. iv. 128.
Detraction, defamation; "mine own d.," the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
Devil (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
Dew, bedew; V. ii. 30.
Disjoint, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
Displaced, banished; III. iv. 109.
Dispute it, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
Disseat, unseat; V. iii. 21.
Distance, hostility; III. i. 116.
Doff, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
Doubt, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 66.
Drink; "my d.," *i.e.* "my *posset*"; II. i. 31.
Drowse, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
Dudgeon, handle or a dagger; II. i. 46.

Dunnest, darkest; I. v. 52.

Earnest, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.
Easy, easily; II. iii. 142.
Ecstasy, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22.
Effects, acts, actions; V. i. 11.
Egg, term of contempt; IV. ii. 82.
Eminence, distinction; III. ii. 31.
England, the King of England; IV. iii. 43.
Enkindle, incite; I. iii. 121.
Enow, enough; II. iii. 7.
Entrance (trisyllabic); I. v. 40.
Equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 12.
Equivocator (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order, was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.
Estate, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.
Eternal jewel, immortal soul; III. i. 68.
Eterne, perpetual; III. ii. 38.
Evil, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.
Exasperate, exasperated; III. vi. 38.
Expectation, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.
Expedition, haste; II. iii. 115.
Extend, prolong; III. iv. 57.

Fact, act, deed; III. vi. 10.
Faculties, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.
Fain, gladly; V. iii. 28.
Fantastical, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.
Farrow, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.
Favour, pardon; I. iii. 149.
——, countenance, face; I. v. 73.
Fears, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.
Feed, "to f.," feeding; III. iv. 35.
Fee-grief, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.
Fell, scalp; V. v. 11.
——, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 70.
Fellow, equal; II. iii. 67.
File, list; V. ii. 8.
——, "the valued f.," list of qualities; III. i. 95.
Filed, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.
First; "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. "*to f. and next*"); III. iv. 1.
Fits, caprices; IV. ii. 17.
Flaws, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.
Flighty, fleeting; IV. i. 145.
Flout, mock, defy; I, ii. 49.
Fly, fly from me; V. iii. 1.
Foisons, plenty, rich harvests; IV. iii. 88.
Follows, attends; I. vi. 11.
For, because of; III. i. 121.
——, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.

Forbid, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
Forced, strengthened; V. v. 5.
Forge, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
Forsworn, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
Founded, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
Frame of things, universe; III. ii. 16.
Franchised, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
Free, freely; I. iii. 155.
——, honourable; III. vi. 36.
——, remove, do away (Steevens conj. "*Fright*" or "*Fray*"; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, "*Keep*"; Kinnear conj. "*Rid*"); III. vi. 35.
French hose, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 16.
Fright, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 69.
From, differently from; III. i. 100.
——, in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
Fry, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.
Function, power of action; I. iii. 140.
Furbish'd, burnished; I. ii. 32.

Gallowglasses, heavy-armed Irish troops (Folio 1, "*Gallowgrosses*"); I. ii. 13.
Genius, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
Gentle senses, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, "*general sense*"; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, "*gentle sense*"); I. vi. 3.
Germins, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
Get, beget; I. iii. 67.
Gin, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
'Gins, begins; I. ii. 25.
Gives out, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
God 'ild us, corruption of "*God yield us*" (Folios, "*God-eyld us*"); I. vi. 13.
Golgotha, i.e. "the place of a skull" (*cp.* Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
Good, brave; IV. iii. 3.
Goodness; "the chance of g.," the chance of success; IV. iii. 136.
Goose, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 17.
Gospell'd, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
Go to, go to, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
Gouts, drops; II. i. 46.
Graced, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
Grandam, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
Grave, weighty; III. i. 22.
Graymalkin; a grey cat (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; "*malkin*" diminutive of "Mary"); I. i. 9.

'I come, Graymalkin. Paddock calls.'
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566.

Gripe, grasp; III. i. 62.
Grooms, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.
Gulf, gullet; IV. i. 23.

Hail (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
Harbinger, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
Harms, injuries; "my h.," injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
Harp'd, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.
Harpier, probably a corruption of *Harpy;* IV. i. 3.
Having, possessions; I. iii. 56.
Hear, talk with; III. iv. 32.
Heart; "any h.," the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.
Heavily, sadly; IV. iii. 182.
Hecate, the goddess of hell (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
Hedge-pig, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
Hermits, beadsmen; men bound to pray for their benefactors (Folio 1, "*Ermites*"); I. vi. 20.
Hie thee, hasten; I. v. 26.
His, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
Holds, withholds; III. vi. 25.
Holp, helped; I. vi. 23.
Home, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.
Homely, humble; IV. ii. 67.
Hoodwink, blind; IV. iii. 72.
Horses (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
Housekeeper, watch dog; III. i. 97.
Howlet's, owlet's; IV. i. 17.
How say'st thou, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
Humane, human; III. iv. 76.

From an old woodcut.

Hurlyburly, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3. (In the annexed curious illustration of some witchcraft absurdity the devil is making a hurly-burly by beating furiously on a drum under which is a Lapland witch.)

Husbandry, economy; II. i. 4.

Hyrcan tiger, i.e. tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

Ignorant, i.e. of future events; I. v. 58.

Ill-composed, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.

Illness, evil; I. v. 21.

Impress, force into his service; IV. i. 95.

In, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.

Incarnadine, make red; II. ii. 62.

Informs, takes visible form; II. i. 48.

Initiate; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i.e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.

Insane; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.

Instant, present moment; I. v. 59.

Interdiction, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.

Intermission, delay; IV. iii. 232.

Intrenchant, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

Jealousies, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.

Jump, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.

Just, exactly; III. iii. 4.

Jutty, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

Kerns, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13. (*Cp.* the subjoined mediæval representation.)

From the Chapter House Liber A, in the Public Record Office.

Knowings, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.

Knowledge; "the k.," what you know (Collier MS. and Walker conj. "*thy k.*"); I. ii. 6.

Lack, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.

Lack, miss; III. iv. 84.

Lapp'd, wrapped; I. ii. 54.

Large, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.

Latch, catch; IV. iii. 195.

Lated, belated, III. iii. 6.

Lave, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.

Lavish, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.
Lay, did lodge; II. iii. 58.
Lease of nature, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
Leave, leave off; III. ii. 35.
Left unattended, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
Lesser, less; V. ii. 13.
Lies; "swears and l.," *i.e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury" (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
Lighted, descended; II. iii. 147.
Like, same; II. i. 30.
——, likely; II. iv. 29.
——, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
Lily-liver'd, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
Limbec, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
Limited, appointed; II. iii. 57.
Line, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
List, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
Listening, listening to; II. ii. 28.
Lo; "lo you," *i.e.* look you; V. i. 22.
Lodged, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
Look, expect; V. iii. 26.
Loon, brute; V. iii. 11.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iii. 58.

Maggot-pies, magpies; III. iv. 125.
Mansionry, abode; I. vi. 5.
Mark, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
——, notice; V. i. 46.
Marry, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
Mated, bewildered; V. i. 86.
Maws, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
May I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
Medicine, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
Meek, meekly; I. vii. 17.
Memorise, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
Mere, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
——, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
Metaphysical, supernatural; I. v. 30.
Minion, darling, favourite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
Minutely, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
Missives, messengers; I. v. 7.
Mistrust; "he needs not our m.," *i.e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
Mockery, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
Modern, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
Moe, more; V. iii. 35.
Monstrous (trisyllabic); III. v. 8.
Mortal, deadly, murderous; I. v. 42.
——, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
——, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
Mortality, mortal life; II. iii. 97.
Mortified, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.

Mounch'd, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
Muse, wonder; III. iv. 85.
Must be, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 6.
Nature; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 51.
——; "in n.," in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
Naught, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.
Nave, navel, middle (Warburton, "*nape*"); I. ii. 22.
Near, nearer; II. iii. 146.
Near'st of life, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
Nice, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
Nightgown, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
Noise, music; IV. i. 106.
Norways', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.
Norweyan, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
Note, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
——, list; III. iii. 10.
——, notice; III. iv. 56.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 96.
——, nobody; IV. iii. 166.
Notion, apprehension; III. i. 83.

Oblivious, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.
Obscure; "o. bird," *i.e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 63.
Odds; "at o.," at variance; III. iv. 127.
O'erfraught, over-charged, over-loaded; IV. iii. 210.
Of, from; IV. i. 81.
——, with (Hanmer, "*with*"); I. ii. 13.
——, over, I. iii. 33.
——, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
——, for; IV. iii. 95.
Offices, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
——, *i.e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
Old (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
On, of; I. iii. 84.
Once, ever; IV. iii. 167.
One, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
On 's, of his; V. i. 70.
On 't, of it; III. i. 114.
Open'd, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.
Or ere, before; IV. iii. 173.
Other, others; I. iii. 14.
——, "the o.," *i.e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.
——, otherwise; I. vii. 77.
Other's, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
Ourselves, one another; III. iv. 32.
Out, i.e. in the field; IV. iii. 183.
Outrun, did outrun (Johnson, "outran"); II. iii. 117.
Overcome, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
Over-red, redden over; V. iii. 14.
Owe, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
Owed, owned; I. iv. 10.

Paddock, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.

Pall, wrap, envelop; I. v. 52.

Passion, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.

Patch, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.

Peak, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.

Pent-house lid, i.e. eye-lids; "Pent-house," a porch or shed with sloping roof, as shown in the annexed cut; I. iii. 20.

From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Perfect, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 65.

Pester'd, troubled; V. ii. 23.

Place, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.

Point; "at a p.," prepared for any emergency; IV. iii. 135.

Poor, feeble; III. ii. 14.

Poorly, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.

Portable, endurable; IV. iii. 89.

Possess, fill; IV. iii. 202.

Possets, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd" (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie,* 1688); II. ii. 6.

Posters, speedy travellers; I. iii. 33.

Power, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.

Predominance, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.

Present, present time; I. v. 58.

——, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.

——, offer; III. ii. 31.

Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 145.

Pretence, purpose, intention; II. iii. 136.

Pretend, intend; II. iv. 24.

Probation; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.

Profound, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.

Proof, proved armour; I. ii. 54.
Proper, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.
Protest, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.
Purged, cleansed; III. iv. 76.
Purveyor, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the king and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.
Push, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.
Put on, se on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.
Put upon, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.

Quarry, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.
Quell, murder; I. vii. 72.
Quiet; "at q.," in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 18.

Ravell'd, tangled; II. ii. 37.
Ravin'd, ravenous; IV. i. 24.
Ravin up, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.
Rawness, hurry; IV. iii. 26.
Readiness; "manly r.," complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 139.
Receipt, receptacle; I. vii. 66.
Received, believed; I. vii. 74.
Recoil, swerve; IV. iii. 19.
Recoil; "to r.," for recoiling; V. ii. 23.
Relation, narrative; IV. iii. 173.
Relations, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.
Relish, smack; IV. iii. 95.
Remembrance, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.
Remembrancer, reminder; III. iv. 37.
Remorse, pity; I. v. 45.
Require, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.
Resolve yourselves, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.
Rest, remain; I. vi. 20.
——, give rest; IV. iii. 227.
Return, give back, render; I. vi. 28.
Ronyon, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.
Roof'd, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.
Rooky, gloomy, foggy (Jennens, "*rocky*"); III. ii. 51.
Round, circlet, crown; I. v. 29.
——; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i.e.* "the crown, the top or summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.
——, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.
Rubs, hindrances, impediments; III. i. 134.
Rump-fed, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.

Safe toward, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.
Sag, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.
Saint Colme's Inch, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.
Saucy, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.

Say to, tell; I. ii. 6.
'Scaped, escape; III. iv. 20.
Scarf up, blindfold; III. ii. 47.
Scone, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.
Scotch'd, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*scorch'd*"); III. ii. 13.
Season, seasoning; III. iv. 141.
Seat, situation; I. vi. 1.
Seated, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.
Security, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.
Seeling, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.
Seems; "that s. to speak things strange," *i.e.* "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. "*teems*"; Collier MS., "*comes,*" etc.); I. ii. 47.
Self-abuse, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.
Self-comparisons, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.
Selfsame, very same; I. iii. 88.
Sennet, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10-11.
Se'nnights, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.
Sensible, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.
Sergeant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.
Set forth, shewed; I. iv. 6.
Settled, determined; I. vii. 79.
Sewer, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direc.).
Shag-ear'd, having hairy ears (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, "*shag-hair'd*"); IV. ii. 82.
Shall, will; II. i. 29.
——, I shall; IV. ii. 23.
Shame, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.
Shard-borne, borne by scaly wing-cases, (Davenant, "*sharp-brow'd*"; Daniel conj. "*sharn-bode*"; Upton conj. "*sharn-born*"); III. ii. 42.
Shift, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 150.
Shipman's card, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.
Shough, a kind of shaggy dog (Folios, "*Showghes*"; Capell, "*shocks*"); III. i. 94.
Should be, appear to be; I. iii. 45.
Show, dumb-show; IV. i. 111-112.
Show, appear; I. iii. 54.
Shut up, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.
Sicken, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.
Sightless, invisible; I. vii. 23.
Sights; Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*flights*"; Grant White, "*sprites*"; IV. i. 155.
Sinel, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
Single, individual; I. iii. 140.
——, simple, small; I. vi. 16.
Sirrah, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.

Skirr, scour; V. iii. 35.
Slab, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
Sleave, sleave-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
Sleek o'er, smooth; III. ii. 27.
Sleights, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
Slipp'd, let slip; II. iii. 51.
Sliver'd, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
Smack, have the taste, savour; I. ii. 44.
So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
So well, as well; I. ii. 43.
Sole, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
Solemn, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
Soliciting, inciting; I. iii. 130.
Solicits, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
Something, some distance; III. i. 132.
Sometime, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
Sorely, heavily; V. i. 59.
Sorriest, saddest; III. ii. 9.

The soul leaving the body at death

10 I

Sorry, sad; II. ii. 20.
Soul's flight; III. i. 141. (The idea and its expression may be illustrated by the accompanying cut from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*)
Speak, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
Speculation, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
Speed; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 36.
Spongy, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
Spring, source; I. ii. 27.
Sprites, spirits; IV. i. 127.
Spy, v. Note; III. i. 130.
Stableness, constancy; IV. iii. 92.
Staff, lance; V. iii. 48.
Stamp, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.
Stanchless, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
Stand, remain; III. i. 4.
Stand not upon, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
State, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
State of honour, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 65.
Stay, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
Stays, waits; III. v. 35.
Sticking-place, i.e. "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
Stir, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
Storehouse, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
Strange, new; I. iii. 145.

Strange; "s. and self-abuse," *i. e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
Strangely-visited, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
Stuff'd, crammed, full to bursting; V. 44.
Substances, forms; I. v. 50.
Sudden, violent; IV. iii. 59.
Suffer, perish; III. ii. 16.
Suffering; "our s. country," *i.e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
Suggestion, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
Summer-seeming, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, "*summer-teeming*"; Johnson, "*fume, or seething,*" etc.); IV. iii. 86.
Sundry, various; IV. iii. 48.
Surcease, cessation; I. vii. 4.
Surveying, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
Sway by, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
Swears, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

Taint, be infected; V. iii. 3.
Taking-off, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
Teems, teems with; IV. iii. 176.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
Tending, tendance, attendance; I. v. 38.
Tend on, wait on; I. v. 42.
That, so that; I. ii. 58.
——; "to th.," to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
Therewithal, therewith; III. i. 34.
Thirst, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
Thought; "upon a th.," in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
——, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
Thralls, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 60.
Till that, till; I. ii. 54.
Timely, betimes, early; II. iii. 50.
——, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.
Titles, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
To, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
——, according to; III. iii. 4.
——, compared to; III. iv. 64.
——, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
——, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.
Top, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.
Top-full, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 43.
Touch, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
Touch'd, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
Towering, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
Trace, follow; IV. i. 153.

Trains, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
Trammel up, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
Transport, convey; IV. iii. 181.
Transpose, change; IV. iii. 21.
Treble sceptres, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
Trifled, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
Tugg'd; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
Two-fold balls, probably referring to the double coronation of James at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
Tyranny, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
Tyrant, usurper; III. vi. 22.

Unfix, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
Unrough, beardless; V. ii. 10.
Unspeak, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
Untitled, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
Unto, to; I. iii. 121.
Upon, to; III. vi. 30.
Uproar, "stir up to tumult" (Schmidt); (Folios 1, 2, "*uprore*"; Keightley, "*Uproot*"); IV. iii. 99.
Use, experience; III. iv. 143.
Using, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.
Utterance; "to the u.," *i.e. à outrance* = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.

Vantage, opportunity; I. ii. 31.
Verity, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.
Visards, masks; III. ii. 34.
Vouch'd, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.

Want; "cannot w.," can help; III. vi. 8.
Warranted, justified; IV. iii. 137.
Wassail, revelry; I. vii. 64.
Watching, waking; V. i. 12.
Water-rug, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.
What, who; IV. iii. 49.
What is, i.e. what is the time of; III. iv. 126.
When 'tis, i.e. "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.
Whether (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.
Which, who; V. i. 66.
While then, till then; III. i. 44.
Whispers, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.
Wholesome, healthy; IV. iii. 105.
Wind; "I'll give thee a wind"; I. iii. 11. (*Cp.* illustration.)
With, against; IV. iii. 90.
——, by; III. i. 63.
——, on; IV. ii. 32.
Without, outside; III. iv. 14.
——, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.

Witness, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.
Worm, small serpent; III. iv. 29.
Would, should; I. vii. 34.
Wrought, agitated; I. iii. 149.
Yawning peal, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.
Yesty, foaming; IV. i. 53.
Yet, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.

'I'll give thee a wind' (I. iii. 11).
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after '*again.*'

I. ii. 14. '*damned quarrel*'; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Folios, '*damned quarry*' (*cp.* IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses 'quarrel' in the corresponding passage.

I. ii. 20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien*, 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i.e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, '*which*' should have '*he*' (*i.e.* Macbeth) and not '*slave*' as its antecedent.

I. iii. 15. '*And the very ports they blow*'; Johnson conj. '*various*' for '*very*'; Pope reads '*points*' for '*ports*'; Clar. Press edd. '*orts*'; '*blow*' = 'blow upon.'

I. iii. 32. '*weird*'; Folios, '*weyward*' (prob. = '*weird*'); Keightley, '*weyard.*'

I. iii. 97-98. '*As thick as hail Came post*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios read '*As thick as tale Can post.*'

I. v. 24-26. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words '*that which*' in line 25, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after '*undone*'; but '*that which*' is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read '*and that's which*' or '*and that's what.*'

I. vi. 4. '*martlet*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Barlet.*'

I. vi. 5. '*loved mansionry*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*loved mansonry*'; Pope (ed. 2), '*loved masonry.*'

I. vi. 6. '*jutty, frieze*'; Pope, '*jutting frieze*'; Staunton conj. '*jutty, nor frieze,*' etc.

I. vi. 9. '*most*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*must*'; Collier MS., '*much.*'

I. vii. 6. '*shoal*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*schoole.*'

I. vii. 45. '*Like the poor cat i' the adage*'; 'The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete,' Heywood's *Proverbs*; the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*"

I. vii. 47. '*do more*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*no more.*'

I. vii. 65-67. (*Cp.* the position as '*warder of the brain*' assigned to *vis memorati* (*va*) in the accompanying reproduction of a mediæval phrenological chart.

II. i. 51. '*sleep*'; Steevens conj. '*sleeper,*' but no emendation is necessary; the pause after '*sleep*' is evidently equivalent to a syllable.

II. i. 55. '*Tarquin's ravishing strides*'; Pope's emendation; Folios, '*Tarquins ravishing sides.*'

II. i. 56. '*sure*'; Pope's conj. adopted by Capell; Folios 1, 2, '*sowre.*'

II. i. 57. '*which way they walk*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, '*which they may walk.*'

II. ii. 35-36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42-43).

III. i. 130. '*you with the perfect spy o' the time*'; Johnson conj. '*you with a*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*you with the perfect spot, the time*'; Beckett conj. '*you with the perfectry o' the time*'; Grant White, from Collier MS., '*you, with a perfect spy, o' the time*'; Schmidt interprets '*spy*' to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand"; according to others 'spy' = the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, 'the exact spying out of the time,' *i.e.* 'the moment on 't,' which in the text follows in apposition.

III. ii. 20. '*our peace*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*our place.*'

III. ii. 52. '*night's black agents to their preys do rouse.*' (*Cp.* the accompanying illustration.)

From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar.*

III. iv. 14. *''Tis better thee without than he within'*; probably *'he'* instead of *'him'* for the sake of effective antithesis with *'thee'*; unless, as is possible, *'he within* = 'he in this room.'

III. iv. 78. *'time has'*; Folio 1, *'times has'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'times have'*; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.

III. iv. 105-106. *'If trembling I inhabit then'*; various emendations have been proposed, *e.g. 'I inhibit,'* = *' me inhibit,' 'I inhibit thee,' 'I inherit,'* etc.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean 'If I then put on the habit of trembling,' *i.e.* 'if I invest myself in trembling' (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).

III. iv. 122. The Folios read:—

> *"It will have blood they say;*
> *Blood will have blood."*

III. iv. 144. *'in deed'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'indeed'*; Hanmer, *'in deeds.'*

III. v. 13. *'Loves'*; Halliwell conj. *'Lives'*; Staunton conj. *'Loves evil.'*

III. vi. 27. *'the most pious Edward,' i.e.* Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. 97. *'Rebellion's head'*; Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios read *'Rebellious dead'*; Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, *'Rebellious head.'*

IV. ii. 18. *'when we are traitors And do not know ourselves,' i.e.* when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, *'know 't o.'*; Keightley, *'know it ourselves'*; but no change seems necessary.

IV. ii. 19-20. *'when we hold rumour,'* etc.; *i.e.* 'when we inter-

pret rumour in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear.'

IV. ii. 22. '*Each way and move*'; Theobald conj. '*Each way and wave*'; Capell, '*And move each way*'; Steevens conj. '*And each way move*'; Johnson conj. '*Each way, and move —*'; Jackson conj. '*Each wail and moan*'; Ingleby conj. '*Which way we move*'; Anon. conj. '*And move each wave*'; Staunton conj. '*Each sway and move*'; Daniel conj. '*Each way it moves*'; Camb. edd. conj. '*Each way and none*'; perhaps '*Each way we move*' is the simplest reading of the words.

IV. ii. 70. '*do worse,*' *i.e.* "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, '*do less*'; Capell, '*do less*').

IV. iii. 15. '*deserve*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios 1, 2, '*discerne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*discern*'; ——, '*and wisdom*'; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads '*'tis wisdom*'; Steevens conj. '*and wisdom is it*'; Collier conj. '*and 'tis wisdom*'; Staunton conj. '*and wisdom 'tis*' or '*and wisdom bids*'; Keightley, '*and wisdom 'twere.*'

IV. iii. 111. '*Died every day she lived*'; "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).

IV. iii. 235. '*tune*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*time.*'

V. i. 26. '*sense is shut*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*sense are shut*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*sense' are shut.*' The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, 'sense' being taken as a plural.

V. iii. 1. '*them,*' *i.e.* the thanes.

V. iii. 21. '*cheer*'; Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, '*chair*'; ——; "*dis-seat,*' Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; Folio 1, '*dis-eate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*disease*'; Bailey conj. '*dis-seize*'; Daniel conj. '*defeat*'; Furness, '*dis-ease*'; Perring conj. '*disheart.*'

V. iii. 22. '*way of life*'; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation '*May of life,*' and several editors have accepted the conjecture.

V. iii. 44. '*stuff'd*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*stuft*'; Pope, '*full*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, '*foul*'; Anon. conj. '*fraught,*' '*press'd*'; Bailey conj. '*stain'd*'; Mull conj. '*steep'd*'; ——; '*stuff*'; so Folios 3, 4; Jackson conj. '*tuft*'; Collier (ed. 2), from

Collier MS., *'grief'*; Keightley, *'matter'*; Anon. conj. *'slough,' 'freight'*; Kinnear conj. *'fraught.'*

V. iii. 55. *'senna'*; so Folio 4; Folio 1, *'Cyme'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Caeny'*; Bulloch conj. *'sirrah.'*

V. iii. 58. *'it,' i.e.* the armour.

V. v. 19. *'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.'* "Possibly Shakespeare recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498," and here reproduced.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

3. *Hurlyburly*:—The origin and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element.—The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In *Macbeth* the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the keynote of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their reappearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information."

11. "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's as his Ariel and Caliban—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience.

Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of *Macbeth*." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters.

Scene II.

3. *Sergeants,* in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain*.

13. *Of* here bears the sense of *with*, the two words often being used indiscriminately.—Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Gallo-glasses*, offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his *New Irish Prognostication*: "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."

14, 15. That is, seemed as in love with him, in order to betray him to ruin.

40. To *memorize* is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in *Hamlet*, in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."

54. Steevens laughs over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona, the Roman goddess of war, the wife of Mars. But Shakespeare makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona.—*Lapp'd in proof* is covered with "armour of proof," that is, armour impenetrable to ordinary weapons.

61. *Colme's* is here a dissyllable. *Colme's Inch*, now called *Inchcolm*, is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columba. *Inch* or *inse*, in Erse, signifies an island.

Scene III.

6. *Ronyon* is a scurvy person or a mangy animal. *Rump-fed* means fed on refuse, or fattened in the rump. Another meaning is that [Glossary] of pampered or richly fed.

8, 9. Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas"; and in the *Life of Doctor Fian, a Notable Sorcerer*: "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flagons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that, though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.

10. *I'll do* means, "in the shape of a rat, I'll gnaw through the ship's hull."

11. This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to have power to sell winds. So in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:—

> "In Ireland and in Denmark both
> *Witches* for gold will *sell a man a wind*,
> Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd,
> Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

21. That is, under a curse or ban.

23. This effect of *peaking* or *wasting* was supposed to be caused by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duff, says that one of the witches was found roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; and "as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from *sleepe*."

25. In the *Life of Dr. Fian*, already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe, at his coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then being in his companie."

32. *Weird* is from the Saxon *wyrd*, and means the same as the Latin *fatum;* so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters*, or the *sisters of fate*. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters*. Which agrees well with Holinshed in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The com-

mon opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters*, that is (as ye would say), the *goddesses of destinie*, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken."

53. That is, creatures of fantasy or imagination.

71. According to Holinshed, "Sinell, the thane of Glammis, was Macbeth's father."

84. *Henbane* or *hemlock*. Thus Batman's *Commentary on Bartholome de Proprietate Rerum*: "Henbane is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason." And in Greene's *Never too Late*: "You have gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight, or else you have eaten of the roots of *hemlock*, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

137. *Fears* here is put for the *objects of fear*, the effect for the cause; a not uncommon form of speech.

140. *Single* here bears the sense of *weak, feeble*. So in *The Tempest*, "A *single* thing, as I am now." And in what the Chief Justice says to Falstaff: "Is not your chin double, your wit *single*?"

142. That is, *facts* are lost sight of. Macbeth *sees* nothing but what is unreal, nothing but the spectres of his own fancy. So, likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be imaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says: "So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." And again: "Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birthdate of his guilt. . . . He wishes the end, but is irresolute as to the means; conscience distinctly warns him, and he lulls it imperfectly." How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after

another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *elements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.

Scene IV.

9. That is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.

22-27. "Here, in contrast with Duncan's '*plenteous joys*,' Macbeth has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text.

39. Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.

54. Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says—"I always think there is something especially Shakespearian in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them."

Scene V.

26. "Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have everything he wanted, he would rather have it innocently; —ignorant, as alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies."

30, 31. That is, *supernatural* aid. We find *metaphysics* explained *things supernatural* in the old dictionaries. *To have thee crown'd* is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. ii.: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business and would *seem to have* us make denial."

41. This passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon *my;* as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating *come*, thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows.

42. *Mortal* and *deadly* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. In another part of this play we have "the *mortal* sword," and "*mortal* murders." The spirits here addressed are thus described in Nashe's *Pierce Penniless*: "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii*, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief, for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*."

54. A similar expression occurs in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596: "The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."

Scene VI.

10. "The subject of this quiet conversation," says Sir J. Reynolds, "gives repose to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is fre-

quently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life."

13. To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. God *yield* us, is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is anything more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?

20. That is, "We remain as *hermits* or *beadsmen* to pray for you."—Here again we quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the laboured rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the 'dignities,' the general duty."

Scene VII.

4. *Surcease* is end, stop. Thus in Bacon's essay *Of Church Controversies*: "It is more than time that there were an end and *surcease* made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matter of religion is handled in the style of the stage."—*His* for *its*, referring to assassination.

7. "We'd *jump the life to come*," that is, we'd *risk* it. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. viii.: "Our fortune lies upon this *jump*."

23. *The sightless couriers of the air* are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.

27. The using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* is quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say such a one *overshot himself*, that is, overshot his mark or aim.

47 *et seq.* It is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream, as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of

superhuman or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream.

59. Three modes of pointing have been pitched upon here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.), of which we prefer the latter. Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail.* At first, a quick, contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we.* Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime."

64. Shakespeare has taken his metaphor from the *screwing up* of the cords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

7-9. It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.

50. In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602, we have the following lines:—

> "'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
> In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
> No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,

No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
. . . . . I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms."

55. The original has *sides*, which Pope changed to *strides*. This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with "stealthy pace," and "moves like a ghost." But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the *Faerie Queene*, iv. 8, 37:—

"They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With *easie* step so *soft* as foot could *stryde*."

And Shakespeare in his *Rape of Lucrece* says in like manner of Tarquin, while going about the *ravishing*:—

"Into her chamber wickedly he *stalks*,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed."

56-60. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great because they are terrible." The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.

Scene II.

13, 14. Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this "one touch of nature." That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through imagination in the case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller's noble

drama, *The Piccolomini*: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*." And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavouring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want.

35-40. This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances.—Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing—now that the first reality commences, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible, whilst previously everything, however awful, appeared a mere trifle; conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person."

55. With her firm self-control, this bold, bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts:* when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience.

62, 63. The old copy reads—"Making the Green one Red." *Multitudinous seas* would seem to require that *one* should not be coupled with *green*. Of course the sense of the line is—"Making the green *water all* red." Milton's Comus has a like expression: "And makes one blot of *all* the air."

68, 69. That is, your firmness hath *forsaken* you, *doth not attend* you.

73. This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."

Scene III.

5, 6. So in Hall's *Satires*, iv. 6:—

> "Each muckworme will be rich with lawless gaine,
> Altho' he smother up mowes of seven yeares graine,
> *And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap againe.*"

21, 22. So in *Hamlet*: "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." And in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."

26, 27. The *second cock* means *three* o'clock. So *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. iv. 3: "The *second cock* hath crowed, the curfew bell hath rung, 'tis *three* o'clock."

63, 64. The *owl* was always considered a bird of direful omen. The poet elsewhere has—"The ominous and fearful owl of death." And of Richard III. it is said—"The owl shriek'd at thy birth."

117. To *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis and metaphor."

131. That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.

136. *Pretence* is here used for *design,* intention: a usage quite frequent in Shakespeare. Thus in *The Winter's Tale,* III. ii.: "The *pretence* whereof being by circumstances partly laid open." And in *Coriolanus,* I. ii.: "Nor did you think it folly to keep your great *pretences* veil'd, till when they needs must show themselves."—Banquo's meaning is—Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung.

146-148. Meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.—Suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark.

Scene IV.

5 *et seq.* Collier and Verplanck change *travelling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea"; whereupon Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *travelling* lamp,' the epithet 'travelling' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore that '*travelling*' is changed to 'travailing,' the word 'lamp' ceases to signify the sun." To which we will add, that if *travelling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course." It should

be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail*.—"After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

18. Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owl*," and that "*horses* of *singular beauty* and *swiftness* did *eat their own flesh*."

33. *Colme-kill* (meaning the cell or chapel of St. Columba) is the famous Iona, one of the Western Isles mentioned by Holinshed as the burial-place of many ancient kings of Scotland.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. This was the phrase of Shakespeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to *solemnize* any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation.

72. That is, to the *uttermost*, to the last extremity. This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakespeare, is borrowed from the French. The sense of the passage is—"Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."

95. The *valued file* is the *list* wherein their *value* and peculiar qualities are set down.

132, 133. Always remembered that I must stand clear of suspicion.

Scene II.

31. That is, do him the highest honour.

32-35. The sense of this passage appears to be—It is a sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery and stoop to dissimulation.

38. Ritson has justly observed that *nature's copy* alludes to *copyhold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*,

having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *lifehold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal.*

42. That is, the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was an ancient word for *scale;* as appears by the following lines from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "She sigh, her thought a dragon tho,
> Whose *sherdes* shynen as the sonne."

And again, speaking of a serpent:—

> "He was so *sherded* all about,
> It held all edge tool without."

49. *That great bond* is Banquo's life—the copyhold tenure alluded to in line 38 above. So in Richard III., IV. iv.: "*Cancel his bond of life,* dear God, I pray."

50. Thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:—

> "Fold your flocks up, for the air
> 'Gins to *thicken,* and the sun
> Already his great course hath run."

Scene III.

10. They who are set down in the list of guests, and expected at the banquet.

Scene IV.

5. Her *chair* of state; a royal chair with a canopy over it.

14. Better that his blood should be on you than in him.

34. The last clause of this sentence depends upon *vouch'd*; that feast which is not often vouch'd or declared to be given with welcome is as if sold to your guests.

63, 64. That is, these self-generated fears are imposters when compared with true fear.

71-73. The same thought occurs in *The Faerie Queene,* ii. 8, 16: "But be entombèd in the raven or the *kight.*"

92, 93. [*Re-enter Ghost*] Much question has been made, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining

that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo* came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo*, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."

105. That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl."

111. *Pass over* us without our wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes unregarded.

113. You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.

128. That is, *what* say'st thou *to or of this circumstance*?

141. Johnson explains this, "*You want sleep*, which *seasons* or gives the relish to all natures." So in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in."

Scene V.

[*Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate*] Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among the vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "our *dame Hecate*." Charles Lamb says of the Weird Sisters: "They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without

human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness." And the same charming critic elsewhere contrasts the Weird Sisters with the hags of popular superstition. Speaking of the witches of Rowley and Dekker, he says—"They are the plain, traditional, old-woman witches of our ancestors—poor, deformed, and ignorant, the terror of villages—themselves amenable to a justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of the county at his heels, that should lay hands on the weird sisters. They are of another jurisdiction." It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs*, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," etc. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them.

24. *Profound* here signifies having deep or secret qualities. The *vaporous drop* seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.

33. [*Song after this line*] We subjoin from Middleton's *Witch* the song which has always been used here in the representation, and which ought to go with the rest of the incantations, as having probably been sanctioned by the Poet's choice. Dyce says, "It is so highly fanciful, and comes in so happily, that one is almost tempted to believe it was written by Shakespeare, and had been omitted in the printed copies of his play."

"*Song above.*	Come away, come away,
	Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hecate.	I come, I come, I come, I come,
	With all the speed I may,
	With all the speed I may.
	Where's Stadlin?
Voice above.	Here.
Hecate.	Where's Puckle?
Voice above.	Here;

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Hecate. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit like a cat descends.*

Voice above. There's one come down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hecate. O, art thou come? What news, what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else refuse, refuse.

Hecate. Now I 'm furnished for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark! the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

Hecate Going up. Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits;
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.

Voices above. No ring of bells," etc.

Scene VI.

35. The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

33. That is, a tiger's *entrails*.—In sorting the materials wherewith the weird sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and com-

pound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his *Mask of Queens*. But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause anything like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents; explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof.

43. [*Song after this line*] This song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from Middleton's *Witch*, the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the eighteenth century. The lines commonly used on the stage are:—

> "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"

Probably both songs were taken from the "traditional wizard poetry of the drama."

68. [*Armed head appears*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.—*Upton*.

70. Silence was necessary during all incantations. So in *The Tempest*: "Be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd."

72. Spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.

78. So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears I had*."

93. The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce*, 1729:

> "Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
> When Canmore battled and the villain fell."

95. That is, *press* it into his *service.*

119. The notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein any one might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in *Measure for Measure,* II. ii.: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils,*" etc. Such was the "brod mirrour of glas" which "the King of Arabie and of Inde" sent to Cambuscan, as related in *The Squieres Tale* of Chaucer. But the most wonderful glass of this kind was that described in *The Faerie Queene,* iii. 2, which

> "The great Magitien Merlin had devis'd
> By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might."
> "It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
> Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
> Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,
> So that it to the looker appertaynd:
> Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
> Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pas,
> Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
> Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
> Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a World of Glas."

123. In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted into tufts with grime, and sweat, he is said to be *boltered;* and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-boltered.* When a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered.*

Scene II.

3, 4. Our flight is considered as evidence of treason or of guilty fear.

20. That is, fear makes us credit rumour, yet we know not what to fear, because ignorant when we offend; meaning, of course, that under such a king as Macbeth "to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly." A condition wherein men believe the more, because they fear, and fear the more, because they cannot foresee the danger.

22. *Move* is for movement or motion.

65. That is, I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

84. [*Exit Lady Macduff, etc.*] "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown;—in Prince Arthur in *King John*; in the sweet scene in *The Winter's Tale* between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans's examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy."

Scene III.

4. *Birthdom,* for the place of our birth, our native land. To *bestride* one that was down in battle, was a special bravery of friendship.

19, 20. A good mind may recede from goodness under an imperial command.

24. That is, must still look *as it does.* A similar expression occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. iii.: "Good alone is good without a name; vileness *is so.*"

33, 34. "Wear thou thy *wrongs*"—that is, the *honours* thou hast won by *wrong*; or else wrongs as opposed to *rights.*—That is, the title is *confirmed* or ascertained, that none dare challenge it.

86. That is, summer-*resembling* lust; the passion that burns a while like summer, and like summer passes away; whereas the other passion, *avarice,* has no such date, but grows stronger and stronger to the end of life.

140 *et seq.* Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor: "As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The *golden stamp* was the coin called *angel.*

177. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra,* II. v.: "We use to say *the dead are well.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

37. Probably Lady Macbeth fancies herself in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, "Hell is murky," she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice.

47. She is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the ghost of Banquo broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

55. Upon this awful passage Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes: "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is the passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion."—And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's—'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand,' adds: "How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand?' And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!"

Scene II.

5. By *the mortified man* is meant a *religious man*; one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world.

10. That is, unbearded, smooth-faced. So in *The Tempest*: "Till new-born chins be *rough* and razorable."

Scene IV.

16-18. Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. This note is made because some critics have vented an unworthy sneer, not at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus.

Scene V.

17. Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction, with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."

21. *The last syllable of recorded time* signifies the last syllable of the record or register of time.

28. Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies; he puts on despondency, the final heart-armour of the wretched, and would fain think everything shadowy and unsubstantial, as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."

Scene VII.

2. This was a phrase of bear-baiting. "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear" [*i.e.*, the bear attacked by ten dogs, an attack being called a *course*].—*Antipodes*, by Brome.

Scene VIII.

1. Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica, that of Brutus at Philippi, or both; or to such Roman suicides in general.

7. Thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar*: "Speak, hands, for me."

9. The air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet*, I. i.: "For it is, as the air, invulnerable."

12. In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, V. iii.: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*, could not find death."

34. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, declaring it to be a capital offence, "Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them." This illustrates the passage in I. v. of this play: "Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark *to cry Hold, hold!*"

49. The same incident is related in Camden's *Remains*, from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, '*I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*'"

62-64. "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation," says Holinshed, "called a Parliament at Forfair; in which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles*; as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus."

Questions on Macbeth.

1. What play of Middleton bears some resemblance to *Macbeth*?

2. What arguments are found for joint authorship in certain parts of this play?

3. What probable date is assigned for the composition of *Macbeth*? Whence did Shakespeare derive the materials for this drama? In what part of the story did he make an important alteration?

4. What is the duration of the action of *Macbeth*? How much of it occurs during the night? Is great heightening of tragic feeling derived from the darkness?

ACT FIRST.

5. How does Shakespeare sound the keynote at the opening of every play? Illustrate by *Macbeth* and compare with *Hamlet*.

6. What was there in the beliefs of Shakespeare's time to warrant his use of witchcraft in *Macbeth*? What nature and powers were ascribed to witches then? What battle is dimly suggested by the Second Witch? Need the witches have possessed supernatural powers in order to fortell Macbeth's advancement?

7. Do Duncan's first words foreshadow anything of the tragic action of the play?

8. On what was Macbeth engaged at the time of the opening of the drama? What effect had his conduct of this enterprise upon his reputation?

9. Duncan addresses Macbeth as *cousin*; does this imply blood-relationship?

10. What poetic titles does Ross apply to Macbeth, and what is their significance?

11. What was a thane?

12. How were the minds of Banquo and Macbeth differently affected by the prophecies of the witches?

13. The First Witch threatens to take the form of *a rat without a tail*. Explain these words.

14. What kind of disposition does Shakespeare ascribe to Duncan? Was Duncan a weak king? Was he a reader of men? What was the ingratitude to which he refers, Sc. iv. 15?

15. What impression does Macbeth convey at his first entrance? By his dwelling on the witches' prophecies?

16. When does the changed feeling of Macbeth towards Banquo first show itself? What distinctness do you find in the character of the thane of Cawdor, although he does not appear on the stage?

17. How does Lady Macbeth differ in disposition from her husband? How does the letter to her from Macbeth bear upon the plot? How does she at her first entrance at once take an important part in the action?

18. Mention some of the minor characters who appear in the first act, and state what part they play.

19. *Are ye fantastical, or that indeed which outwardly ye show?* Explain these words and say how they occur in the play.

20. Analyze Macbeth's soliloquy (opening of Sc. vii.) as a whole.

ACT SECOND.

21. What *cursed thoughts* visited Banquo in his sleep.

22. Does the soliloquy that ends Sc. i. present a new phase of Macbeth's nature? How does he regard the dagger? Explain its appearance to him.

23. Interpret the lines in the soliloquy beginning, *Thou sure and firm-set earth.*

24. What bell is it that breaks the soliloquy?

25. *Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't.* Explain these words. Who utters them?

26. Is poetic horror heightened by having the deed done off the stage? To what canon of the Greek drama does this conform?

27. What is felt at Lady Macbeth's first words to Macbeth on his return from the murder?

28. From recital (Sc. ii.) of his hallucination of hearing voices, Macbeth passes to highly poetic soliloquy. What revelation of his nature is made by this transition? At this point does Lady Macbeth understand him?

29. *My hands are of your colour, but I shame*
To wear a heart so white.

Explain these words. How do they occur in the play?

30. What do you think of Macbeth's loss of self-mastery in his refusal to return with the daggers?

31. *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!* Is this cry hortatory or grimly derisive?

32. *Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.* Explain these words and state how they occur.

33. What strange portents are said to have accompanied the murder of Duncan?

34. In the Porter's soliloquy can you find any expressions that seem to you un-Shakespearian? What dramatic and mechanical purposes does it serve? Is the burlesquing here broader than in the Grave-diggers' scene of *Hamlet*?

35. Give in your own words the sense of the passage (Sc. iii. 90) beginning, *Had I but died an hour before this chance.*

36. Describe and contrast the ways in which Macbeth and Macduff announce Duncan's death to Donalbain. What different mental states are indicated?

37. Who first suspects Macbeth of Duncan's murder?

38. Is Sc. iv. an adequate close for this act?

ACT THIRD.

39. How is the mutual distrust of Banquo and Macbeth after the latter has become king described by Shakespeare?

40. Is it for the sake of plot or of character that Macbeth is made (Sc. i. 30) to refer to the absent sons of Duncan? Could it help his case with Banquo? Was his course with Banquo already determined in his mind?

41. How does Macbeth draw from Banquo the facts he wants without arousing his suspicion? What quality of Banquo's makes Macbeth fear to have him live? What additional reason comes to his mind?

42. How does Macbeth contrive motives for the murderers he commissions to kill Banquo? What ulterior motive has he? Is he wise or foolish in showing the murderers why he wishes Banquo dead?

43. Why does Macbeth send a third murderer to the scene?

44. What is the significance of Banquo's parting words to Fleance?

45. *'Tis better thee without than he within.* Explain these words and state when they were uttered.

46. What dramatic purpose is served by making Macbeth speak of Banquo immediately after the entrance of his ghost and before Macbeth sees it? At what moment does Macbeth recognize the ghost? Should the ghost really appear on the stage?

47. How would you characterize Lady Macbeth's speech (Sc. iv. 60) to her husband, made at such a moment? What efforts does she make to save the situation?

48. Is there any significant hint of the hour at which the ghost scene occurs? Does anything develop here concerning Macbeth's relation to the supernatural? What change toward him is assumed by the Weird Sisters? Can you give any reason for this?

49. Show from the language of the play that Shakespeare represented the ghost of Banquo as being visible only to Macbeth.

50. Mention, giving examples, any different senses in which the word "mortal" is used in *Macbeth*.

51. What were the forces opposed to Macbeth, and what was the state of the kingdom?

ACT FOURTH.

52. What do the three figures signify which rise from the witches' cauldron to speak to Macbeth?

53. In what mood is Macbeth when he first addresses the Weird Sisters? Note his multiplying of images.

54. How does Macbeth receive the prophecies of his visitants?

55. What is the symbolism of the eight kings?

56. Does Hecate accomplish her revenge?

57. What important news reaches Macbeth just after the witches vanish? What does it determine him to do?

58. Where are the second and third scenes of Act IV. placed? Is the unity of action marred by these changes? Do they give enlargement of view?

59. Compare with Act I. and Act II. and tell how the action centers around Macbeth.

60. What at this time was the relation of Ross to the king? How does Ross describe the condition of the times?

61. What is the effect of the dialogue between Lady Macduff and her son?

62. How and why does Malcolm defame himself in his conversation with Macduff?

63. When and how do we learn that Lady Macduff met her fate at the same time as her children?

64. What was Macduff's mission to Malcolm?

65. In this dialogue what trait of character does Macduff pre-eminently exhibit?

ACT FIFTH.

66. Why is the Gentlewoman reticent about the words of Lady Macbeth?

67. When did Lady Macbeth last appear upon the scene? Has she now ceased to take a part in the action of the play?

68. With what earlier scene is that of the sleep-walking intimately connected? What words of Lady Macbeth are reminiscent of previous words of hers?

69. In what different ways does remorse affect Macbeth and Lady Macbeth?

70. Describe the new phases of Macbeth's distemper which appear in the second and third scenes of Act V.

71. Is Macbeth really puzzled, as his words to the Doctor indicate, by the state of the country?

72. In saying (Sc. v. 9) *I have almost forgot the taste of fears,* does Macbeth appear to understand himself?

73. Is Macbeth moved by the news of the Queen's death?

74. Does the expectation of Macbeth hold out to the end? Does he abandon his hope in the unnatural prediction about one not born of woman?

75. What was the last fulfillment of the mysterious prophecies?

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76. Consider the plot and principal characters of the play. What is its moral significance? Has it a historical basis?

77. Give reasons why *Macbeth* is a great drama. Do you consider it to be Shakespeare's greatest tragedy; if so, why?

78. Which is the strongest passage in the play, and why? Where does it reach its climax?

79. Name some of the qualities of Lady Macbeth. What impression of womankind does she give you in her first soliloquy?

80. Summarize the traits of Macbeth's character. Is he more

complex than Lady Macbeth? Which has the more conscience? What utterances or actions prove it?

81. What is the clue to the great change in Macbeth's will power?

82. At what point of the play does Macbeth begin to act independently of Lady Macbeth?

83. Why does Shakespeare put so much beautiful poetry into the mouth of such a character as Macbeth. Compare Macbeth in this respect with Iago.

84. How long before the murder does Macbeth contemplate the deed. Compare him in this with Hamlet. But for Lady Macbeth would Macbeth have killed Duncan?

85. In what does Macbeth's punishment consist? What one word says it all?

86. What really breaks down Lady Macbeth at the end? Is it the same cause which breaks down Macbeth himself?

87. Is Macbeth a poet? Is he a coward? If he is a coward, how do you explain his bravery in battle? If he is not a coward, how do you explain his hesitancy and scruples?

88. Has Macbeth great powers of dissimulation? Is his deterioration through ambition sudden and contrary to the ordinary course of gradual moral decay?

89. Does Banquo take any determining part in the action of the play? How do you regard his character? Why did Shakespeare depart from Holinshed in not making Banquo accessory to the crime?

90. Malcolm and Macduff: were they weak or cowards in fleeing for their lives? Did anything justify Macduff in leaving his family?

91. What does the knocking at the gate typify? What the sleep-walking scene?

92. The Weird Sisters: why does Shakespeare make them real, instead of introducing them to Macbeth in a dream? What do they stand for in the play?

93. Contrast the use of the word *metaphysical* (I. v. 30) with its present ordinary meanings. Mention any other words used in *Macbeth* in senses different from those they have now.

94. What does this drama show beyond the ordinary point that "murder will out"?